THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OVER THE RIVER RHINE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We sat beside a window,
  We friends and travellers three,
Journeying through the old world lands,
  From a country over the sea.
And the broad fields lay beneath us,
  Hedged with the clustering vine,
As we looked from out our window
  Over the river Rhine.

Along its banks were clustered
  Old towns and villages fair;
And the sound of the chime-bells ringing
  Filled e'er and anon the air.
And the water rippled and sparkled
  Like gems in the summer's shine,
As we looked from out our window
  Over the river Rhine.

And we saw the swift boats gliding
  On the golden waves below,
Or anchored, listlessly swaying
  With the river's ebb and flow.
And we marked afar in the distance
  Its current's silver line,
As we looked from out our window
  Over the river Rhine.

And we talked of the Past and the Future,
  And the blessed hopes that rise
In the golden glow of summer,
  To the youthful dreamer's eyes.
Sweet were our dreams that morning,
  Oh, early friends of mine!
As we gazed from out our window
  Over the river Rhine.

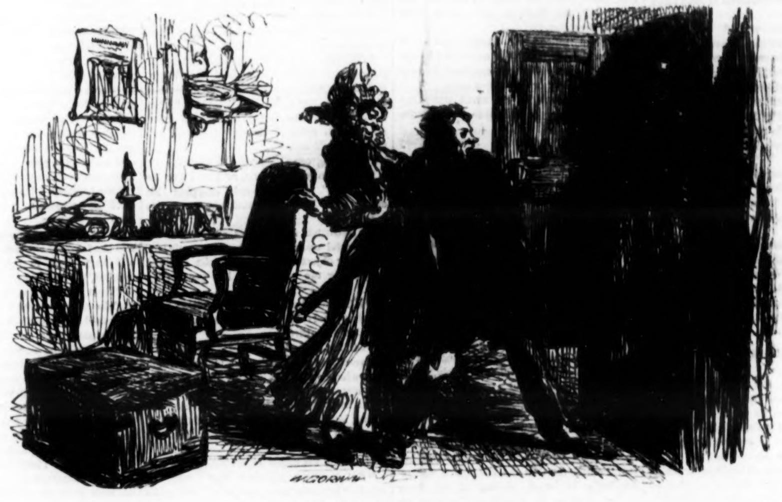
Now years have rolled between us,
  And that morning's golden glow,
With its pictures and its music,
  Are the things of long ago.
And afar in Memory's vista
  Those blessed visions shine,
More fair than the golden ripples
  Over the river Rhine.

And now in the gloomy weather
  That comes with winter chill,
When the blast is bleak and bitter,
  And the snow shrouds vale and hill,
I think of that summer morning,
  And its blessed memories shrine,
Like a sacred spot, that window
  Over the river Rhine.

We have stood since then by a river,
  More dark than the ocean tide,
And two have crossed its waters,
  And are safe on the other side.
I have dreamed of the vales they are treading,
  Where flowers of amaranth twine,
More sweet than the shining landscape
  That is clasped by the river Rhine.

And I think when I shall join them,
  In that country over the sea,
We shall sit and dream together
  Once more, we pilgrims three.
We shall look from heights supernal,
  Where Time's broad river rolls,
Sweeping away below us,
  With its freight of human souls;
And our dreams shall then be real,
  Lived out in the life divine
Of a morn more fair than ever shone
  Over the river Rhine. E. G. B.

New Haven.


THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LI.

Lady Kingswood was, as we have seen, snatched from the very brink of shame and ruin by the sudden appearance of the seeming apparition of Lady Maud. At the very instant that her bosom was glowing with the rancorous pangs of a fierce jealousy; at the very moment that she was permitting the baser instincts of her nature to triumph over the most vital considerations of honor, truth, dignity, the very life of her purity and good name, as if by Divine interposition, Lady Maud—pale, sad, and *spirituelle*—stood before her, unconscious of the terrible nature of the interview she was interrupting, but yet a warning and a guardian angel.

Lady Kingswood instantly recognized the nature of this extraordinary interposition.—Her suffocating agony; her burning cheeks and brow; her cowering, tottering form, as she followed Lady Maud, clutching at her garment, not daring to awaken her, yet far less daring to permit her to quit the gallery without her—were strong testimonies of her sense of how deeply she had suffered her suspicions of her husband's truthfulness to commit her. Now that she had become alive to the false and humiliating position into which she mainly contributed to bring herself, her feelings of shame, shocked pride, and self-reproach, were overwhelming.

Tears and self-accusations, when alone, occupied every waking moment. When she slept—and it was but seldom, after this night's adventure—she had troubled dreams, awoke with a start and scream, calling at times wildly for help, as though some fiend or evil spirit were dragging her to perdition.

She passed her time with Lady Maud—her days in her society—her nights in her room. She would not see Lord Kingswood; would not receive a communication from him, nor send one. At first, she refused to have an interview with her son Cyril; and, when he accompanied her and Lady Maud to Brighton, she scarcely spoke to him, never raised her eyes to his—nay, when she could, studiously averted her face from him.

Perhaps it was as well for her that both Cyril and Lady Maud had their own absorbing griefs, which indisposed them to watch the looks and actions of others; if, indeed, this had not been the case, it is more than probable that Cyril, at least, would have probed, or tried to have probed, her sorrow and her strange, shrinking reserve to its source.

The somnambulism so suddenly displayed by Lady Maud, developed by over-wrought and excited feelings, served as an excellent excuse for Lady Kingswood to pass as much of her time as it was possible with her. She was, in fact, afraid to trust herself alone with her own thoughts; she feared to go over the past, for there still existed within her heart a latent bitterness at Lord Kingswood's presumed conduct to her, which made a desire for revenge grow stronger the more she brooded over her wrongs.

The society of Lady Maud, the change of air and scene at Brighton, the necessity for making some exertion to get abroad and assume a cheerfulness and ease which she did not possess, were not without a beneficial effect upon her. What the eventual result might have been, had she stayed longer there, it is unnecessary to surmise; the effect, so far as it went, was abruptly checked by her suddenly encountering the object of her wildest and most terrible suspicions, and, immediately following, the unscrupulous tempter.

To remain an hour longer in Brighton she felt to be impossible; to return to the Kingswood mansion in Belgravia she would not; and therefore, to prevent false surmises and disingenuous reports, there was but one alternative open to her, and that was Kingswood Hall.

Cyril had disappeared; she did not ask how, when, or wherefore, and Lady Maud's supplications not to return to that dreary pile where Philip Avon could come and go at will, where he could persecute her with his hateful and terrifying wooing, were borne down by Lady Kingswood's impetuous desire to place herself where the Marquis of Chillingham would be unlikely to come, or her eyes could rest on the face of that youth whose advent at Kingswood Hall had shattered at one blow the whole fabric of her happiness.

The solitary, monastic character of Kingswood Hall—not only unenlivened by the presence of visitors, but its dullness increased by the absence of a large proportion of the retinue of servants whom Lord Kingswood retained—did not help to tone or to calm down her mind as Brighton had done.—There the variable sea, the ever-changing human tide, and the sprightly bustle peculiar to a place at once so fashionable and so populous, did something to attract her thoughts from dwelling on gloomy and painful subjects; here the calm and motionless landscape, unchanging, save under the brightness of a noonday sun, or the sullenness of a clouded atmosphere—the silent chambers, the noiseless corridors, the stillness unbroken, save, perhaps, by the clanging of a rudely closed door, or by the low, mournful wail of the wind, as it swept round wings and turrets, moaning in the buttresses and whistling among the pinnacles, left her, alas! too free to think, to brood, to weep, to wring her hands, to bewail her fate, to find no help for the past, to see no hope for the future!

She had fled from her danger at a critical moment, but there were certain acts of her own from which she could not escape. Nothing, it is true, had actually transpired between herself and the Marquis of Chillingham upon which an actual charge could be substantiated, but too much had been implied to be misunderstood. She was not unconscious of the guilt of the step she was about to take when the Marquis of Chillingham urged her to fly, but her proper perception of its infamy was obscured by her passionate hankering for revenge. It was only when guilt came into direct contact with pure and unsullied innocence that she saw the awful character of the chasm which would separate her if she fled from her home, from the uncontaminated, and then her better and nobler instincts prevailed. She saw at a glance that no amount of wrong done to herself would justify her in revenging herself by the commission of wrong; and so, impulsively, but wisely, she rushed from the contamination to which the Marquis was urging her into the purer atmosphere which a Divine morality had taught her it was her duty alone to breathe.

But she had erred, and error never fails to establish baneful consequences. She knew well that the Marquis of Chillingham would not, for a time at least, abandon his iniquitous purpose. She felt certain that she would have to meet him again, even if she avoided society, beneath her husband's roof and in her husband's presence. She foresaw that at such meetings she would be subjected by him to glances in the last degree humiliating to her, to suggestions and inuendoes which would cover her brow with a burning crimson flush, and fill her bosom with shame and mortification.

These painful impressions had mainly determined her to fly to Kingswood Hall, and they also urged her to remain there so long as Lord Kingswood's parliamentary and governmental duties kept him in London. She had no fear that the Marquis of Chillingham would follow her to the Hall. She believed that beneath its ancient roof she should be safe from his persecution, and have an opportunity to restore her wild, excited, and heated mind to some degree of composure, to offer up prayers of penitence for the past, and to determine, as well as she was able, what should be her course for the future.

At first she began to hope that the worst was over, and though she felt herself to be doomed to a life of sorrow—a life which would be tortured by a keen, acute sense of the wrong inflicted upon her by her husband, the worst a woman can suffer—she believed that she should possess the consolation of not having forfeited her own self respect, or have deprived herself of that commiseration and sympathy which she would have flung away had she been guilty of the wretched act of retaliation she at first, in a delirium of passion, meditated.

But she suddenly, even while the first ray of consolation dawned upon her, remembered the man Pharisee.

A spasmodic shudder ran through her frame as a vision of his sallow face and furtive eyes, his sleek and insinuating manner, presented itself to her. She recollected, with a groan of mortal agony, how deeply she had committed herself to this man's power by employing him and by communing with him respecting Lord Kingswood's unfaithfulness to herself.

She, with a feeling of horror, recalled to mind that it was by the agency of Pharisee that the Marquis of Chillingham had been introduced into the picture gallery. By no other means could he have got there, and at an hour when she was there by appointment. She wildly taxed her memory to reproduce the words of the note written by her in a moment of frenzied excitement to the Marquis of Chillingham. She could recollect nothing in its contents absolutely injurious in its character to her reputation, though the mere act of writing was sufficiently indiscreet.

The Marquis of Chillingham had no doubt received it, and would, she felt sure, keep it secret—had, in fact, she hoped, destroyed it. But Pharisee had received from her a note addressed to the Marquis of Chillingham, and he had delivered it, unconscious of its contents, and consequently prepared to place the worst construction upon them. What, notwithstanding his professions and his protestations, if he should prove treacherous! What if he were to proceed to Lord Kingswood, and, under a promise of a handsome reward, betray all!

He was a menial, a man of whose character she had formed an unfavorable opinion from the first time she beheld him—that is to say, without caring to bestow a thought upon him, she instinctively disliked him.

He had succeeded, by a long course of service steadily and seemingly faithfully performed, in ingratiating himself deeply in Lord Kingswood's favor. He had rendered himself necessary to him by making himself acquainted with his lordship's habits and peculiarities; he made himself master of Lord Kingswood's foibles, of his weaknesses, of those small matters which gratified his vanity and self importance, and of those which irritated and teased him. He constantly ministered to one and smoothed away the other, without appearing to do either; the consequence of this line of conduct was, that in Lord Kingswood's eyes no one of his servants managed matters so well as Pharisee. He not only seemed to be always aware of what Lord Kingswood wished to be done, but also how he desired that it should be done, and in this spirit Lord Kingswood usually spoke of his services.

It was natural, therefore, that Lady Kingswood, in believing her husband guilty of acts which would render a confidant essential, should assume that Pharisee would be the individual he would elect to that post. The man was in every respect fitted for the task, cunning, shrewd, reserved, and a slave to the will of his master; he, of all men, would be the most likely person Lord Kingswood should choose, and thus it was just as natural that Lady Kingswood should endeavor to extract from him the secret she believed he was mixed up with. But, in doing this, she had unhappily made a confidant and an envoy of him, and had so placed herself in his power.

Grievously as she felt she had been wronged by Lord Kingswood, bitterly as she resented it, she yet shrunk from appearing in his eyes as an equally guilty and unfaithful partner.

In her endeavors, out of a spirit of retaliation, to make Lord Kingswood jealous, under the notion that while making him angry she was herself doing no wrong, she forgot that every such act weakened his faith in her integrity, and lowered the standard she had held in his estimation. She saw this now, and felt how fearfully it would tell against her should Pharisee, proving treacherous, reveal to Lord Kingswood not only that she had written a secret note to the Marquis of Chillingham, but had given him a secret interview in the dead of night.

The more she reflected upon this, the more it appeared necessary that she should see Pharisee and learn what had transpired, during her absence from Kingswood House, in London. She had an impression, from the earnestness which Pharisee had displayed in addressing her, that he would be faithful to the trust she had reposed in him; nay, he had sworn it. Still she had her misgivings, and she felt that without seeing him, questioning and probing him, she should only be plunged into a state of such harrassing incertitude, that she would be unable to find peace or contentment anywhere. But how to contrive this interview? Pharisee was with Lord Kingswood in London she could not at present go back to London; but under what pretext would it be possible to procure Pharisee's attendance at Kingswood?

It would be impossible for her to appear in any steps which it would be necessary to take to let Pharisee know that she wished to see him, but how communicate to him this wish? Some one must perform the task, but to obtain this agent she herself must act in some way, but this was the very thing she was most anxious to avoid. She could trust no servant, she could frame no excuse for the employment of Lady Maud in this task; indeed, the latter was evidently too depressed in spirits to undertake any task which required tact and delicate skillfulness, and thus she was placed in a dilemma from which no cogitation, rumination, or scheming promised to extricate her.

As at Brighton she had kept Lady Maud's society constantly, so here, at Kingswood Hall, Lady Maud kept as constantly with her. Lady Kingswood appeared, while at the fashionable watering place, to cling to Lady Maud, as though her sweet presence would save her from some dreaded intrusion. Even thus did Lady Maud cling to her while at Kingswood, evidently under a similar impression.

At only one period of the day did Lady Maud absent herself from Lady Kingswood, and that was in the morning. She would disappear then for above an hour, and Lady Kingswood knew only on these occasions that Lady Maud did not make it the occasion for a walk in the grounds. All she knew was, that Lady Maud, in these morning absences, directed her steps, on leaving her, towards the ancient portion of the Hall.

It had not occurred to her to ask Lady Maud whither she went, or by what motive she was actuated in performing these regular morning visits. She was too much occupied with her own reflections to see anything remarkable in what Lady Maud did, but she was one morning induced to seek her during one of these accustomed absences by the arrival of Philip Avon, who, having paid his respects to Lady Kingswood, requested, with a kind of feverish earnestness, to have an interview with Lady Maud.

Lady Kingswood was aware that Maud entertained feelings of dislike for the stern, uncouth, imperious young man, but she knew that Lord Kingswood had set his heart on a match between them, and she felt that it would be a mean revenge on her part to oppose any obstacle. She knew how distressed Maud was at the thoughts of such a marriage, but she believed it would be the wiser plan to let matters take their course. It would be for Maud at the last moment to reject the proffered hand, or, induced to change her aversion into liking, accept it. She had not the slightest notion of the real impulse to Maud's hatred of Philip Avon, and it was, under all circumstances, quite as well that she had not. However, on the present occasion it occurred to her that she had herself better seek Maud and acquaint her with the arrival of Philip Avon; it would prepare her to go through the scarcely unexpected but distasteful interview, an interview which the abrupt communication of a servant might prevent taking place.

Lady Kingswood having traced Lady Maud to the entrance to the old library, could not summon sufficient resolution to enter the solemn and silent antique chamber, uncertain whether she should find Lady Maud within it or not. A cold shudder ran through her frame at the thought of being within there alone, with the grim figures of warriors, the ghastly marble statue of the heroine of the Kingswood race, and the stark books ranged alone the black, time-worn shelves. Especially did she fear to enter, because she fancied she heard there the low murmuring of voices in conversation—a fanciful delusion, she believed, but one which, at the same time, was to her of a rather terrifying character.

So she paused without the doorway, and in a low, husky voice, called Lady Maud by name. She scarcely expected to hear her respond, even though she repeated her calls two or three times in a louder tone than before. She was therefore startled by the light pattering of swiftly-advancing feet, which seemed to trip briskly over the inlaid oaken floor, nearing her each instant. While she hesitated whether to remain or to fly, Lady Maud suddenly made her appearance at the doorway, ran into her arms, embraced her, and then hurried her away from the place.

Lady Kingswood yielded almost instinctively to the direction of her young companion, and found herself in her own boudoir before she attempted to check her movements or to explain her own mission.

Lady Kingswood noticed with surprise that a fresh color was upon Maud's cheeks, and that her eyes were bright, glittering, dancing, even joyous.

"What has enlivened you, sweet Maud?" she inquired, tenderly. "You appear to be in lighter and better spirits than when we parted last night, and even when I watched you as you slept, the tears stood thickly upon your cheek, and you moaned, and sighed, and uttered a name—"

"A name!" echoed Lady Maud, an expression of alarm creeping over her features.

"Yes. I could not, however, catch what it was," continued Lady Kingswood. "You muttered it twice or thrice, and wrung your hands as if in much anguish, but then you became calm, and slept peacefully. Strange, Maud, it is that you should be attacked by that dangerous excitement to wander in your sleep."

"Wander," repeated Lady Maud, with a sudden blush spreading over her cheeks, forehead, and neck. "Do you mean to—to—to walk while sleeping as I did at Kingswood House?"

"Yes—yes," faltered Lady Kingswood, turning pale at the recollection.

"Did I last night wander thus?" inquired Lady Maud, timidly, with her eyes bent upon the ground, and the crimson hue upon her fair cheeks and brow growing brighter.

"I almost fear to tell you," responded Lady Kingswood. "Yet I think that by acquainting you with the event after it has happened, it possibly may impress itself upon your mind, and by creating a fear that you may repeat it operate beneficially in preventing its reoccurrence. Listen. After I had quitted your side last night, and had retired to my own chamber to sleep, I was tortured by harrassing and terrifying dreams, and abruptly started out of one which distracted me. I was horrified to find my room filled with a blue, lurid light, rendering every object in the room clear and distinctly visible. I was much affrighted, for there are fearful stories afloat respecting the ancient portion of the mansion, as you know, and my heart died within me as I gazed on this strange and unearthly effect. I was yet more painfully affected by fear when this light suddenly disappeared, and there rose up a furious, rushing, roaring sound among the old trees of the forest, as though a tremendous tempest had sprung up. I cannot remember how I quitted my couch and re-lighted my lamp, which had from some unexplained cause expired, or how, in my agitation, I gained your room. I know only that I was overwhelmed when I discovered your bed vacant, and that you were absent from the room. I searched hastily everywhere I could think, and then recollected that you had recently been seized with a morbid fancy to visit the old portions of the Hall. I could not dare to alarm the household, but I almost swooned at the thought of searching for you in the dead hour of the night in the haunted library."

"Haunted!" ejaculated Lady Maud, with white lips.

"Haunted!" repeated Lady Kingswood, clutching her by the wrist. "Haunted, it is said, by the weird Lady Maud. In the dawning, at eventide, at the midnight hour, aye, and even at noon, those who have been there sitting in silence and alone, have heard the soft sound of a female step, and the rustling of silk sweeping down the hall, although they have nothing seen."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Lady Maud, a spasm convulsing her frame.

She had heard the sound within that hour.

"So runs the legend," continued Lady Kingswood; "and you may conceive what emotions I suffered, as, with tottering steps, I made my way towards that terrible place. I had advanced but a few steps, when I heard an approaching footstep and saw the glimmering of a light; another moment and you appeared, bearing in your hand a light, and your face radiant, with a smile, even such as it wore when I met you but now coming from that awful chamber. I stood aside, and let you pass; you returned to your room, and unrobing yourself, retired quietly into your bed, appearing to be calm, and even happy, though you repeated several words."

"Distinctly?" inquired Lady Maud, confusedly.

"Most distinctly," returned Lady Kingswood. "You said 'It is an old tale, but it is a true one, love! He is noble and he is brave. Shall I not love him? I will! I will!' Your lips closed, and you uttered no more. I lay down by your side, and watched you until I slept myself."

Lady Maud trembled violently. She wondered whether she had muttered Eric's name. She dared not ask. She turned white and red by turns, and did not speak a word.

Lady Kingswood gazed at her in silence and in earnestness for a minute or so; then she twined her arms about her, and kissed her cheek.

"Maud, my beloved child, I hoped, within my inmost heart, that you had as yet escaped that passion—fatal to so many, favorable to so few. I fear now that you have not, and that you love only to love in vain?"

Maud was as silent as death, and as white.

"When," continued Lady Kingswood, speaking with impressiveness, "Mr. Philip Avon came here, and appeared to be inspired with an affection for you, I perceived that he had made no very favorable impression upon you, but I thought, with a heart unscathed, you would get over that first distaste, and come to like him, if not to love him."

"Never!" exclaimed Lady Maud, with a sudden energy.

"Hush!" interposed Lady Kingswood, hastily. "I have lived to discover the folly of making strong assertions. You, Maud, may do so too. Now attend to me, my darling pet, for you know that I love you as tenderly as if you were my own child. I know that advice in these matters is of small avail. Yet standing in the relation I do to you, renders it imperative in me to give you counsel, and to do my utmost to make you obey it, because it is given alone with a view to secure your future happiness. Now, Maud, you were ever truthful, and you will be sincere with me. The words you uttered in your sleep represented the state of your heart. They were not the idle babblings of a dream. They were the true exponents of your real feelings towards one living being?"

She was silent; Lady Maud was silent, too. She bowed her head low, but Lady Kingswood raised it gently, and looked her softly in the eyes. Maud, of the hue of crimson, drew her face away, and laid it upon Lady Kingswood's neck.

The latter bent over her, and whispered in her ear—

"Maud, you love?"

"I do," she faintly articulated, after almost a minute's pause.

Again there was a silence; then Lady Kingswood said—

"Sweetest Maud! I believe in very truth that you are deceiving yourself, and that you are converting the simple emotions of a natural affection into those of a higher and more passionate nature. You have been brought up with Cyril from childhood; you have been constantly with him; you have been treated by him, thought of by him, loved by him, as a sister—but with no other sentiment. I know a girl's feelings, and I can see that, even as I should have done, you have exaggerated them. Between Cyril and Mr. Avon there is, in your eyes, a wide interval. You are naturally tender-hearted, prone to return affection with affection; kindness with kindness, tenderness with tenderness; and you have reciprocated the many kind acts of Cyril by similar sentiments; but, unfortunately, you have run into exaggeration. You fancy that you love Cyril—it is but fancy, as you will find—and of course you, in your romantic dreamings, believe that difficulties will eventually be cleared away, and his hand may become yours. No time is so proper as the present to disabuse your mind of this supposition—this hopeless hope. Mr. Philip Avon is now—"

"Dear Lady Kingswood," interposed Lady Maud, a little excitedly, "you are laboring under a misconception. I—I am attached to my Cousin Cyril, of course, but—"

"But what?" inquired Lady Kingswood, with some surprise, not alone at the interruption, but the form it had taken.

"I say that I am attached to my Cousin Cyril," continued Maud, in a low voice, and with a burning cheek, "but in no other way than as a cousin. I am very fond of him, and always shall be, but not with the hope to be—to be—to—be united to him."

It was with difficulty that she forced the last words out.

"But you have this moment told me that you love!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, quickly.

"I do," faltered Lady Maud.

"But it is not Cyril that you love?" rejoined Lady Kingswood, with amazement.

"No—no—it is not Cyril," murmured Lady Maud, almost fainting.

Lady Kingswood drew herself up, and gazed at her like one thunderstricken; but, recovering herself, she clutched Maud's hand, and exclaimed—

"*Who* is it you love—WHO?"

Lady Maud, to have saved herself from destruction, could not have answered that question. Before, however, Lady Kingswood, bewildered and astonished, could repeat her question, a servant entered, and said—

"My lady, Mr. Philip Avon desires me to remind you that he is awaiting the honor of an interview with Lady Maud, that he is impatient—"

"So impatient," interrupted a voice in the doorway, "so impatient, Lady Maud, to see you once again, that he cannot even wait the return of his messenger with your assent to receive him."

It was Philip Avon who spoke.

Lady Maud, all shrinking and trembling before, drew herself proudly up, and with a firm and even haughty attitude, prepared to go through and endure bravely a scene with him—for such now she knew it would be.

CHAPTER LII.

Pharisee, when he recovered from the inanimate condition into which, by the aid of a potent chemical agent for producing insensibility, he had been thrown by old Pengreep, was some time before he recovered his sentient faculties. At last he recalled the previous evening's occurrences *seriatim*, tracking event by event, until all further recollection faded with one which brought old Pengreep standing over him like a fiend, with his bony hands upon his throat, endeavoring to strangle him. With this memory came his consciousness that he had been outwitted, duped, made a helpless tool of by old Pengreep, and had actually assisted at the accomplishment of some important object the old villain had at heart, to the destruction of his own.

The ingrain of this man's composition was a composition of a very base kind. He was naturally malevolent and extremely selfish. Whatever militated against the interests of that selfishness was to him a provocation for a malicious revenge. Lord Kingswood had behaved liberally and well to him during the period of his service—liberally enough, indeed, to have raised in the breasts of some dependents a very large amount of devotion. But his lordship was irritable, and passionate in his irritation. He seldom curbed his tongue if a bitterly insulting remark rushed to it, or his hand if an impulse directed him to wield it. Pharisee had experienced, while in his service, many a gust of passion and its attendant consequences, and he nourished a feeling of revenge which had nothing to do with the admiration he had conceived for Lady Kingswood. The latter frenzy, indeed, was to him a means of gratifying the vindictive feelings which had been raised independent of it.

Now there was another being against whom he entertained the deadliest sentiments of revenge, and that was old Pengreep.

This strange old man, whom he had met in so remarkable a manner, had extorted from him, under circumstances which appeared like a dream to him, all his dearest secrets—nay, more, he had absolutely thrust him out of a part he not only wished, but which it was important for the interests he desired to serve, to enact. He had wrested Lady Kingswood's letter—or his own copy, and in the result there was but little difference—from him, and had presented it to the Marquis of Chillingham, an act Pharisee was exceedingly anxious to have performed in accordance with a plot he had concocted to bring the Marquis and Lord Kingswood at arm's length, armed with deadly weapons, together, in the hope that the murder of the latter would screen him effectually from the consequences of his intended deed. Old Pengreep had, instead of him, obtained the interview with the Marquis, and therefore had got him in his power. He must, too, have seen Lady Kingswood in the picture-gallery, and she must be also in his power, a fact which necessarily would go far to weaken his own influence over her, if not destroy it. It was easy to conceive that Lady Kingswood, seeing old Pengreep, would believe him treacherous to her trust, and scorn him accordingly.

He sat upon his bed, with his elbows on his knees, and his talon-like fingers working nervously upon his teeth. It was not until he had cogitated for some hours, that he seemed to have arrived at a decisive resolution. When he had done this, he rose up, made his toilet with very great care, and glided into his old place in attendance on Lord Kingswood.

He watched for Lady Kingswood as a cat would for a mouse; but was unable to get a glimpse of her so that he could speak with her alone.

One day he missed her; upon inquiry he found that she, attended by Lady Maud and Cyril, had gone to Brighton. He informed Lord Kingswood of this event, because, assured that he was ignorant of their departure, he believed it would take him by surprise, and elicit angry remarks from him, which he intended to blow into a flame, taking care that the fire should travel in one direction.

He wrote a line anonymously to the Marquis of Chillingham, imitating as closely as he could Lady Kingswood's hand. Its contents simply were—

"Lady K—— has retired to Brighton to endeavor, in seclusion, to recover the health and spirits which for a time she has lost. She anticipates being much alone while there."

This note he contrived to place in the hands of the Marquis of Chillingham as one night he was passing out of the entrance of the House of Lords. But that he recognized the face of Pharisee, he would have flung the note from him, but as the latter fled instantly as if he had been employed secretly to deliver this letter, he kept it, read it, and, as we have seen, went to Brighton, too.

Pharisee let fall to Lord Kingswood that the Marquis of Chillingham had, through his servant, been making inquiries after Lady Kingswood's health, and had been informed that she had gone to Brighton. Pharisee added, quietly, that not being, he believed, perfectly well, the Marquis had paid a flying visit to Brighton, too.

Pharisee noticed the deadly pale green pallor which spread itself over Lord Kingswood's face, and was not surprised to hear him say, an hour or two afterwards,

"Pharisee, look to my small travelling-case. I shall go to Brighton in the morning."

Pharisee's eyes glistened. It was precisely what he wished, for he hoped that, in a smaller mansion there, he should obtain his opportunity of speaking with Lady Kingswood alone.

"I am, I presume, to accompany your lordship?" he said.

"No," curtly returned Lord Kingswood; "I shall go alone."

Pharisee ground his teeth, but made no reply.

Lord Kingswood departed, and Pharisee was left for a time to amuse himself as best he might.

Aware that he could not now afford to let matters take their course, conscious that he must act quickly, secretly, and surely, he determined that he would pay a visit to Albertina Virgo. He remembered her advice to come to the house at Gray's Mount, at ten o'clock at night, and to whistle for admission. He, remembering old Pengreep's antecedents, scarcely approved of this hour, but still he believed that she knew best, and accordingly he went thither at the hour named, and as he passed the window he whistled.

Whistling was an accomplishment in which he did not excel. As he had not the most remote notion of a tune, and hated music too much to endeavor to acquire one, even if he had the power, his efforts in this way were rather curious.

At first they were almost soundless; at length he contrived to produce a sound so singular, that no one who heard it could believe that he was attempting his peculiar performance by way of pastime. But there was an eye which night after night watched the chinafaced Dutch clock, as the unelaborate brass hands proclaimed the hour of ten, there was an ear which was on the *qui vive* to catch the soft whistling serenade which was to gently tell of the presence of a prospective husband. So the harsh notes of Pharisee, even though they somewhat resembled the first croaking, twiddling attempts of a canary to recover its song, were not lost upon the attentive drum of Albertina's ear.

She made her appearance at the door, with a jug in her hand, as if she had come there to take in the evening porter, she stood listening intently and watching with quick and eager eyes the flight of stairs leading up to old Pengreep's room, and the return of the person who had made the signal intended for a whistle.

Presently she perceived the form of Pharisee gliding, thief-like, by the iron railings which enclosed the area, and she beckoned him to her.

"Not a word now, my pet," she whispered. "He is prowling over the house like a wolf smelling about for a corpse. Come here on Thursday next; I know he is going out on that day, and be here at three in the afternoon. There will be no mistake next time. My turn must come some day or other, you know, and it will come on Thursday I do believe, and then you shall see that I'll take—A pint of half-and-half, and mind it's good measure, or you'll have it back; be off this instant, and bring it directly."

Pharisee heard a stair creek and a stealthy footstep follow. He understood Albertina's meaning as soon as it caught his ear, and she changed the tone of her voice. He fled away like a deer, keeping in the shadow of the houses, and contented himself with the belief that if he had at present been disappointed in the object of his visit, old Pengreep, with all his cunning, had failed to discover him.

A week nearly must elapse now before he could renew his visit, but more assured than ever that Albertina was bent upon obtaining for him the valuable documents in old Pengreep's possession, and that she would obtain them for him, he waited patiently—at least as patiently as he could.

During this interim Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud had passed through London on their way to Kingswood Hall. Lord Kingswood had also returned to London, and seemed to be plunged deeper than ever in the manifold duties of the department over which he presided. He availed himself but slightly of Pharisee's services—nay, rather seemed to be vexed by his presence; made no allusions to what had passed between them, and, in fact, rarely spoke to him at all. When he did, it was in a distant, imperious tone—the tyrant addressing the slave.

Pharisee betrayed no change in his manner; he glided noiselessly in and out, was at his post when required, performed his duties with his accustomed ease and silence; but he was adding all the time to the sum of the reckoning he intended one day to make.

On the Thursday appointed by Miss Virgo, he attired himself in a costume quite different to any in which Pengreep had seen him, and indeed disguised himself as completely as he possibly could.

At three o'clock he was passing the door, and saw the face of Miss Virgo glowering over a card placed in the front-parlor, informing the public that apartments, genteelly furnished, were to be let, and that all inquiries respecting them were to be made within. A thought flashed across the mind of Pharisee, and he ran up the steps before the door; he raised the knocker, and gave a smart rat-a-tat-tat. The door was opened immediately by Albertina, with an air of grim dignity.

"Apartments to let?" said Pharisee, with a bow.

"Come in and inspect them," rather curtly responed Albertina.

Pharisee stepped upon the mat in the narrow hall. The door was slammed to behind him, and he felt himself seized suddenly round the neck, and a very rough, hairy, and prickly substance, which afterwards proved to be Miss Albertina's chin, was rubbed about his face, bestowing with it an odor which was not the essence of wood violets.

"Did you think to deceive the fond eye of your own devoted?" exclaimed Miss Virgo, as Pharisee, by a tremendous effort, released himself from her suffocating embrace. "Ahs, I knew my pet the instant my eyes dropped on him, in spite of the ugly creature he's made himself, and—"

"But Pengreep?" suggested Pharisee.

"Oh, bless you, he's out, as I told you he would be," she answered, clapping his cheeks with her hands until she made his eyes water.

He retreated a few paces, and fenced off her playful attacks as well as he could, for he rather objected to the mode she adopted in proving the violence of her passion for him.

"When will he return?" he inquired, with a serious, nervous, by no means loving expression of features.

"Oh, not for some time yet, I believe," she answered, smiling at him in a manner which somewhat bewildered him—it had so little of the aspect of affection. "There is yet time for an interchange of tender sentiments," she added, biting her thumb-nail, and giving him a poke in the ribs which sent him half-way across the room.

He raised his hands deprecatingly.

"But business, my dear Miss Virgo," he cried; "business first, you know. We shall have lots of time when we are united, you know. We cannot tell, one moment from another, that Pengreep will not make his appearance, and—"

"You are right, my clever beauty!" she replied, and added, "still we may indulge in a chaste embrace, and you may receive one virgin kiss from your ever affectionately Albertina Virgo."

Pharisee had to submit to being nearly crushed and almost smothered before he could escape, but at length breaking away, he gasped out—

"Oh, my angel!"

He leaned against the doorpost in a fainting condition.

But the object of his visit overcame all his weakness, and, in fact, every other consideration.

"The papers," he murmured, panting, "the papers. Our marriage depends upon my obtaining them."

She nodded, smiled her grim smile, and beckoned him up the stairs.

He followed her with nervous quickness, and when they reached old Pengreep's door, she said—

"Wait here till I come."

Before he could reply, she ran up a further flight of stairs with a nimble celerity which almost surprised him, and left him alone.

After he had waited a little while, he knelt down and looked through the keyhole, but something pungent instantly attacked his eyes, and he rose up half blinded by the tears that rushed into them, a violent fit of sneezing followed, and this appeared to bring Miss Virgo to his side.

"You have been looking through the keyhole," she said, sharply.

Pharisee, between sneezing and weeping, admitted that he had.

"You should not have done it; you had no need to do it," she rejoined, angrily, "when I told you he was not at home."

"Why did you leave me?" he exclaimed, with a groan.

"My precious," she answered, "I must leave you sometimes. I went to play 'Sister Anne' at the top of the house, but I could not 'see anyone coming' that we need care about."

"Oh," cried Pharisee, stamping his feet with agony, "I shall go blind."

"You would, if you had not your fond, foolish little puss at your side," returned Albertina, pinching the lobe of his ear until it became white and dead, and he cried out with pain.

She produced from a most capacious pocket, such as are worn by housewives—among a handful of things, such as a nutmeg, a piece of ginger, a knob of orris-root, a thimble, a key, a halfpenny with a hole in it, a pair of tweezers, a penknife—a small box of ointment. This she laid thickly on Pharisee's eyelids and beneath them, and he felt, in its cooling properties, almost instant relief.

She now produced her master-key, and, after a moment's intense listening, she placed it in the keyhole and opened the door.

She withdrew the key and let the door fall slowly back.

Both rested upon the threshold of the door, afraid for a moment to enter, but at length Albertina caught Pharisee by the hand, and they entered it on tiptoe.

They gazed around them; Pharisee saw that the boxes and the furniture appeared to stand exactly in the same place as they did when last he was present.

He cast his eyes nervously and eagerly round him.

"Which is the box that contains the papers relating to the Kingswood family?" he asked, in an undertone.

She drew him towards a corner, and pointed to a large iron chest. It had the name of Vernon painted upon it in white letters.

"Come, open it quick, quick!" he cried, anxiously. "Where's the key? open it, and give them to me."

"Softly, my chosen one," she rejoined, insinuatingly. "Those papers are as good to me as a marriage certificate. With those papers in my hands, you would marry me—without them, you would as soon give your heart and hand to the Queen of the Gipsies at the age of a hundred and one—"

"My enchantress!" ejaculated Pharisee, expostulatingly.

Miss Virgo shook her head in a very cunning manner.

"Do you understand this?" she said, emphatically. "Those papers once out of that box, I must depart out of this house with them. Pengreep is always glowering over them, and will miss them very soon after they are gone. If I happened to be here when he missed them, he'd throttle me if I did not tell him what had become of them; and if I told him that you had got them, he'd get them from you, and your life would not be worth a pin afterwards. So, when they go, I go too. They go with you, I go with you too. When we have been in the church together, before the parson, and you have put the ring on my finger in his presence, and called me your wife, then I give them up to you to do as you please with."

"My loveliest, I have already agreed to all this!" he exclaimed. "Of course, I mean to keep my promise."

"And, of course, I mean to make you; so I will show you the papers in my hands, and I will keep them in my hands until we are married," she rejoined.

"Then you propose to quit the house with me," he said, gnawing his knuckles.

"I do," she replied, in a decisive tone, "for the reason I have already told you, as well as that it will be necessary to impress upon you the danger in which you stand as well as myself, as soon as the papers are gone.—Pengreep will suspect you. He is as cunning as a ferret, and as bloodthirsty as a hyena.—He will hunt in every direction, and it will be necessary, therefore, to remain very close in some place, snug and secret, until to-morrow morning. Then you must go alone to Doctors' Commons and get the license; then we must go to the first church handy, and be married; then I will give up the papers, and then I will show you how to make use of them, and set old Pengreep at defiance, and make him hang himself out of sheer spite."

Pharisee heaved a deep sigh, for he felt how very hazardous was the game he was playing. Then it suddenly occurred to him that, as he would be with his Albertina in some remote spot alone, he would be able, perhaps, during some part of the night, to purloin the papers, and get safely away with them. If they were once fairly in his possession, he thought he might ridicule safely any attempt to get them from him until he had made them answer his purpose. He took her hand and raised it to his lips, and with a sense of faintness and nausea, released it.

"Do with me as you will," he said, and instantly exclaimed,

"Hark!"

She jumped a foot high.

"What?" she cried, clutching him by the arm.

He pointed to the space between the windows.

"Something sounded there," he exclaimed.

She grinned horribly.

"Behold!" she said, and, touching a knob, she opened it.

"Look in," she added.

Pharisee put his head into a kind of dark closet, and withdrew it with a cry of fright.

"There is a skeleton in there," he said, with a shudder.

"Yes," she said, shaking her shoulders. "It is a fancy of Pengreep's to have it there; there's some mystery about it. A nice place, my dear, that would be for you to be locked up in if you didn't know that by pressing the other side of the knob I touched you could get out, you would become a skeleton too," and she gibbered at him as she concluded.

He said quickly, as he turned away from the unpleasant spectacle—

"Let us get the papers."

She went to the box marked with the name of Vernon, and kneeling down, she applied the key to the chest and raised the lid. She drew forth a large packet, upon which was written only the word "Kingswood."

Pharisee's eyes gloated as he beheld it, and he stretched forward his hand to take it.—She made a gesture as if to draw it away from him, but stumbled over. His fingers caught in a loose part of it, and it was left in his hands.

At the same instant the lid of the chest fell with a crash.

At the same instant voices were heard in the hall below.

Albertina leaped to her feet with a low screech, and darted out of the room, closing the door behind her, leaving Pharisee there with the packet in his possession.

He heard a heavy footstep ascending the stair, and his heart sickened and died within him.

Suddenly he remembered the closet between the windows. He touched the knob, the door flew open, he drew it after him, heard the click, and knew that he was in the dark and alone with a skeleton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ ENGLISH FRENCH.—A French gentleman was one day caressing a dog, when an English friend remarked that he seemed very fond of it. "Ya-a-a-s! I love de dogs, de cats, de osses, and de asses; and, in short, I do love everyting dat is *beastly*."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

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OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

HEALTH AND THE WEATHER.

We are generally inclined to consider rainy seasons, especially if marked by great fluctuations of temperature, unfavorable to health, but, though this may be generally the case, it often is not so. For instance, the year 1860, in Europe, was a very wet, and what would be generally considered an unfavorable one—a year, one would have thought, greatly conducive to all kinds of pulmonary affections—and yet, 1860 was one of the healthiest years that they ever had in Europe. Says a French journal:—

> The rate of mortality sensibly diminished throughout Europe, and medical practitioners have had an amount of leisure of which there are few examples. In England the number of deaths has been 20 or 25 below the mean, and in Germany and France the conditions have been no less favorable. For example, at Vienna but 1,077 deaths occurred in August, 1860, while in the same month of 1859 there were 1,532 (i. e., 495 in excess) registered. In some of the rural communes of France, not a single death took place during the entire year! and in Paris hospitals there have been numbers of empty beds, the bulk of the patients who were admitted having also been the subjects of chronic affections.—This remarkable immunity is well calculated to render us circumspect, and once more to exhibit how little we know concerning atmospheric influences. Since January, 1860, in a tolerably large hospital service, we have met with only six cases of sporadic typhoid fever. As a general rule, numerous acute cases occur at Paris as the autumn sets in, but 1860 has constituted a happy exception to this rule.

We remember that a year or two ago, we had in this part of the United States, some five or six weeks of almost uninterrupted wet weather—and yet the medical fraternity united in pronouncing it a singularly healthy period. Thus while a dry season, especially in summer, is generally a healthy one, dryness cannot be considered a positive indication that all the influences which affect health are in a favorable condition. It seems evident that there is some principle in the atmosphere which affects the amount and force of human vitality, independently of the action of either heat or moisture.

HIGH SALARIES.—Dr. Franklin warned his countrymen against the payment of high salaries, because he would offer no great inducement to the citizens to quit their usual employments.

On the other hand it may be said that low salaries offer just as great inducements, only to a lower order of men. The true rule, as we take it, is to fix the salary at the fair market rate for the kind of talent required in the office; and then to adopt as the general rule of continuance in service, that rule of "good behavior" which every business man adheres to.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

The *North American* of this city, calls the attention of the public to the unwise system of "cramming" now being pursued in the leading public school for girls in this city. Here is a conversation with one of the pupils:—

"How many studies was your class pursuing at once?"

"Including lectures, *nineteen*."

"How often did these studies or exercises recur?"

"Most of them twice a week; a very few once a week."

"How did the class manage to get so many lessons? What time could they have for relaxation?"

"*As the general rule, they were obliged to study all the while, out of school as well as in school.*"

We will put in connection with the above the following extract from Herbert Spencer's work on Education, which is now attracting so much attention in the most intelligent circles of society. Mr. Spencer's remarks fit this case so exactly, that anything of our own would be superfluous:—

We contend, then, that this over-education is vicious in every way—vicious, as giving knowledge that will soon be forgotten; vicious, as producing a disgust for knowledge; vicious, as neglecting that organization of knowledge which is more important than its acquisition; vicious, as weakening or destroying that energy, without which a trained intellect is useless; vicious, as entailing that ill-health for which even success would not compensate, and which makes failure doubly bitter.

On women the effects of this forcing system are, if possible, even more injurious than on men. Being in great measure debarred from those vigorous and enjoyable exercises of body by which boys mitigate the evils of excessive study, girls feel these evils in their full intensity. Hence, the much smaller proportion of them who grow up well made and healthy. In the pale, angular, flat-chested young ladies, so abundant in London drawing-rooms, we see the effect of merciless application, unrelieved by youthful sports; and this physical degeneracy exhibited by them, hinders their welfare far more than their many accomplishments aid it. Mammas anxious to make their daughters attractive, could scarcely choose a course more fatal than this, which sacrifices the body to the mind. Either they disregard the tastes of the opposite sex, or else their conception of those tastes is erroneous. *Men care comparatively little for erudition in women; but very much for physical beauty, and good nature and sound sense.* How many conquests does the blue-stocking make through her extensive knowledge of history? What man ever fell in love with a woman because she understood Italian? Where is the Edwin who was brought to Angelina's feet by her German? But rosy cheeks and laughing eyes are great attractions. A finely rounded figure draws admiring glances. The liveliness and good humor that overflowing health produces, go a great way towards establishing attachments. Every one knows cases where bodily perfections, in the absence of all other recommendations, have incited a passion that carried all before it; but scarcely any one can point to a case where mere intellectual acquirements, apart from moral or physical attributes, have aroused such a feeling. The truth is that, out of the many elements uniting in various proportions to produce in a man's breast that complex emotion which we call love, the strongest are those produced by physical attractions; the next in order of strength are those produced by moral attractions; the weakest are those produced by intellectual attractions; and even these are dependent much less upon acquired knowledge than on natural faculty—quickness, wit, insight. If any think the assertion a derogatory one, and inveigh against the masculine character for being thus swayed; we reply that they little know what they say when they thus call in question the Divine ordinations. Even were there no obvious meaning in the arrangement, we might be sure that some important end was subserved. But the meaning is quite obvious to those who examine. It needs but to remember that one of Nature's ends, or rather her supreme end, is the welfare of posterity—it needs but to remember that, in so far as posterity are concerned, a cultivated intelligence based upon a bad *physique* is of little worth, seeing that its descendants will die out in a generation or two—it needs but to bear in mind that a good *physique*, however poor the accompanying mental endowments, is worth preserving, because, throughout future generations, the mental endowments may be indefinitely developed—it needs but to contemplate these truths, to see how important is the balance of instincts above described. But, purpose apart, the instincts being thus balanced, it is a fatal folly to persist in a system which undermines a girl's constitution that it may overload her memory. Educate as highly as possible—the higher the better—providing no bodily injury is entailed (and we may remark, in passing, that a high standard might be so reached were the parrot-faculty cultivated less, and the human faculty more, and were the discipline extended over that now wasted period between leaving school and being married). But to educate in such manner, or to such extent, as to produce physical degeneracy, is to defeat the chief end for which the toil and cost and anxiety are submitted to. By subjecting their daughters to this high-pressure system, parents frequently ruin their prospects in life. Not only do they inflict on them enfeebled health, with all its pains and disabilities and gloom; but very often they actually doom them to celibacy.

Intentions of Spain.—The rumor relative to the seizure of the Spanish portion of St. Domingo by Spain, is not credited.

It appears from a recent letter of Mr. Perry's, the Charge who so adroitly and amusingly took advantage of the absence of the Minister, his superior, several years ago, to settle the Black Warrior difficulty, that Spain then offered to open the ports of Cuba to the United States—going so far as to promise our grains and flour an admission into Havana almost free of duty. Mr. Perry says that he has not the least doubt that such an arrangement can be now made, which would probably give us all the commercial advantages which we should derive from the possession of Cuba, without any of the disadvantages. A large trade even now is done with Cuba, and it might be made greatly larger, to the advantage of both parties.

"**The Women of England.**"—The Bishop of Oxford recently presented to the House of Lords, a petition "against legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister." It was represented to come from the "women of England."

A gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind having a curiosity to know how many signers there were to this formidable sounding petition, took the trouble to count them, and found there were just *forty-two* names!

PHOTOGRAPHS.

The wonderful progress of the art of sun-picturing,—which, invented or discovered by M. Daguerre so few years ago, has now culminated in the photograph, the ambrotype, the ivorytype, and we know not what other picture-marvels,—is not the least among those triumphs of mind over matter which mark this century as pre-eminently the age of physical progress and invention.

Photographs, formerly considered the very curiosities of luxury, are now passing on to take their station as conveniences, and will soon, no doubt, be considered necessaries as much as anything can be which is not directly available for meat, for drink or for clothing.

A new luxury in the application of this art is at present the fashion, and bids fair to become the rage. Richly bound and clasped volumes are so arranged as to be made photographic albums, filled at pleasure with landscapes, with representations of architecture and statuary, with portraits of celebrities, or of personal friends. Choice is unlimited, and all varieties of taste can be gratified at a cost so small as to put such gratification within the reach of all.

Photographs of statuary and bas-reliefs delight the eye as perfectly with graceful outlines, fine lines, and delicate finish, as the originals themselves could do.

A set of medallions now before us, representing Thorwaldsen's and Palmer's Morning and Evening, are wonderfully perfect, though each no larger than an ordinary watch-case; and afford an inexhaustible pleasure in comparing the classical beauty of the Danish sculptor's creation with the more strictly sentimental and ideal work of the American. The Evening of each is especially beautiful. In Thorwaldsen's it is

"Hesperus who bringeth all good things;
Rest to the weary; to the hungry cheer;"—

who can

"Take the slumbering soul
And lap it in Elysium."

In Palmer's the idea seems more peculiarly to point to the evening which comes for all, when if they have wrought well they shall return in peace, "bringing their sheaves with them."

The European depositories of classic art in sculpture and painting offer great facilities to art-students. Can it be possible that the photographic apparatus is forbidden them? Or how otherwise is the fact to be accounted for that such reproductions of these Old World treasures are so rarely to be met with?

A very fine photograph of Michael Angelo's Moses, which was exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts two or three years ago, is the only exception we remember to the rule which gives us representations of modern, but not of ancient art; plenty of Sabrinas, Ariadnes, Greek Slaves, and White Captives; but never the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus of Milo, the Laocoon, or the Faun of Praxitiles.

Yet this invention is surely intended to be to these great works what printing has been to the treasures of literature; to send their sweet and gracious influences circling widely from the palaces of the great ones of the world, down to the cottage of the humblest laborer. Toil is no longer to be called sordid, when its monotony can thus be relieved, softened, and elevated. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and we may with grateful hearts thank the Divine Providence which is bringing such joys more and more within the reach of all.

Imitation Gold.—The new French composition, Oreide, with the aid of which so many greenhorns are being duped just now, is said to be composed of pure copper 100 parts; zinc or (preferably) tin, 17 parts; magnesia, 6 parts; sal ammoniac 2.6 parts; quicklime, 1.8 parts; tartar of commerce, 9 parts. The ore is mixed as follows: the copper is first melted, when the magnesia, sal ammoniac, lime, and tartar, in powder, are added little by little; the crucible is now briskly stirred for about half an hour, so as to mix thoroughly; and then the zinc is added in small grains, by throwing it on the surface and stirring it until it is entirely fused; the crucible is then covered, and the fusion is maintained for about thirty-five minutes. The surface is then skimmed, and the alloy is ready for casting.

In this manner, gold ornaments of various kinds are produced from copper, tin, &c., at a low price, and in vast quantities.—People that are too particular for Oreide, can have bright brass covered with a wonderfully thin coat of "real goold" by the electro-metallurgic process. "Come and buy—anything on the list for a dollar!"

Chambers's Encyclopædia.—*Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.*, of this city, have now become the exclusive American publishers of this valuable work, which is illustrated with maps and numerous engravings. The articles are to be brought down to the latest dates, and the design is to make it "a dictionary of universal knowledge for the people." Such works are of great value in a family, as children generally belong to that class "which want to know, you know," and it is not always easy for parents to answer their questions. Now as it is of great importance that their questions should be answered, we would recommend every father to purchase at least three works, a Dictionary, a Gazetteer, and an Encyclopædia.

On Hand.—We have another story on hand from Mrs. Wood, the author of "Danesbury House," "The Earl's Daughters," &c., which we think rather takes the lead of any of those already published. It will be appearing one of these days. We mention it in order to give our readers the pleasure of anticipation as well as of enjoyment.

The Line Puzzle.—We would inform our correspondent "Moosic" that we have already published the puzzle of the lines, to be rubbed out in three strokes. It seems to us very easily done, but the how is too troublesome to explain in print. Any sharp witted friend will soon puzzle it out for him.

A PROLIFIC NAME.

How many words do our readers suppose are contained in the single word Palmerston? A hundred? Yes, many hundreds. A correspondent of an English journal gives a list of 746, and concludes with saying that "many more might easily be added." We would publish the list, were it not for the room it takes, but, as it is, content ourselves with the sixty beginning with a:—

A, alert, ales, almoner, almoners, almost, alms, aloe, aloes, alone, alp, alpen, alps, also, alter, altern, alters, alto, am, amen, amort, ample, ampler, amplest, an, ant, ante, antes, antler, antlers, ants, ape, apes, apest, apostle, apron, aprons, apse, apt, apter, are, arm, armlet, armlets, arms, arose, art, arts, as, aslope, asp, aspen, asper, aster, astern, at, ate, atom, atoms, atone, atones.

Amusing.—The *London Times* in a recent article, quite condoled with the "backwoodsmen of America" on their being deprived of "*good* (English) axes" by the new Tariff—the fact being that the English do not seem to know how to make a good axe, and no backwoodsman would buy any but the native article. Some time ago a Canadian railway company sent out to England for some axes—sending the exact pattern of an American made axe. In due course of time the axes came—but not one had a hole in which to put the handle! In hatchets, axes, locks, wood screws, tinned-iron ware, &c., the English articles cannot compare with the American.

—— Since writing the above, a contemporary quotes the following extract from the testimony of a partner in the celebrated Sheffield house of Naylor & Co., before a Committee of the House of Commons:—

"The Americans have got the trade in making felling axes, which is a large one, employing a great deal of labor. We send more steel to make felling axes alone than we make for all the small tools in England. It is, for a plain article, the most mechanically and the best constructed little instrument I know; *the art being that a man can fell three trees to one, compared with those that are ordinarily made in England.*"

That was in 1841, twenty years ago! The *Times* is therefore more than twenty years behind the age.

Knew Her Boa Again.—A Scottish lady recently recognized a sable boa which she had lost ten years previously—she saw it around the neck of an old lady, who, being confronted with a policeman, admitted she had found it ten years before. The old lady modestly requested two shillings and sixpence as a reward for having taken such good care of it!

An American Want.—In England they have professional rat-catchers, who carry ferrets about with them, and will clear premises of rats in a very short time—the rats staying away for a long period. We have roach exterminators, but where is the rat-catcher? There seems to be an opening in that direction for a score or two of "professional gentlemen."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to "School Days at Rugby." Vol. 1. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. And for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This chronicle of the life and fortunes of our old friend of the Rugby School, carried on through the first days of his early manhood, and detailing the student-life at the great University of Oxford, is superior in interest to the story of the Rugby school-days, by as much as the sympathy we feel with the struggles and temptations of the man overbalances that felt for the scrapes of the boy. The battle-field where Tom Brown held his own then, was that of the ball match and the cricket field, and kindred engagements, where "pluck" was the quality pre-eminently in demand. Now the battle shifts to that other warfare, where, says the author, "The arms and the field have been diverse, can have been the same, I suppose, to no two men; but the battle must have been the same to all. One here and there may have had a foretaste of it as a boy; but it is the young man's battle, and not the boy's—thank God for it! That most hateful and fearful of all realities, call it by what name we will—self, the natural man, the old Adam—must have risen up before each of us, in early manhood, if not sooner, challenging the true man within us, to which the spirit of God is speaking, to a struggle for life or death."

It must not be supposed, from this extract, that this book belongs to the class of metaphysical and subjective fiction. It is eminently objective, dealing with the sharp actualities of outward life. The characters stand out, clear, life-like, every-day people. We could walk into the group in which the hero principally revolves, shake hands with Jervis, pat Miller, the choleric coxswain of the St. Ambrose boat, on the shoulder; bandy a jest with good-for-nothing Drysdale, likeable, in spite of all his faults, and turn to greet with reverence, "the big, queer servitor," Hardy, the real hero of them all,—our friend Tom's good genius.

The boating crew, the training, and the boat race, are admirably described. The race, so far as adventure goes, is the special charm of the book. Overlaid with technicalities as the narrative is, in some places scarcely intelligible to the general reader, it is so animated and enthusiastic that as we read we feel our muscles stiffen and our nerves tingle with the very impulse that carried the St. Ambrose to its final and glorious "bump."

A capital chapter is that which is devoted to the consideration of "muscular Christianity;" the term under which it is now the custom to classify a set of writers among whom our author takes place, considered as a distinct reactionary school, with the Rev. Charles Kingsley for their high priest. In these observations, a just and excellent distinction is drawn between the "muscular Christian" and the mere "muscleman." The use of the latter term evidently refers to such works as "Guy Livingstone," and "Sword and Gown," where physical strength and agility are deified merely as such, without reference to the good of their uses. "The muscleman," he says, "seems to have no belief whatever as to the purposes for which his body has been given him, except some lazy idea that it is to go up and down the world with him, belaboring men, or captivating women for his benefit or pleasure, at once the servant and the fermenter of those fierce and brutal passions in which he seems to think it a necessity, and rather a fine thing than otherwise, to indulge; whereas, as far as I know, the least of the muscular Christians has hold of the old chivalrous and Christian belief that a man's body is given to him to be tamed and brought under subjection, and then used for the protection of the weak, the advancement of all righteous causes, and the subduing of the earth which God has given to the children of men."

A just distinction, excellently drawn, and needed now more than ever to be borne in mind; and though we are at first more startled with the accompanying proposition, that mere strength of intellect is no more worthy of reverence than mere strength of body, it will probably bear the test of subsequent reflection full as well.

Our author has an enthusiastic reverence for Oxford, but fails to convince us of its holding any high destiny as the enlightener and evangelizer of the youth of England. The whole picture rather makes the impression that its system is one of the fossils of the past, its uses done, the petrifaction remaining only capable of abuses, and the whole mass waiting to be swept away by the high tide of the future. In contradistinction to what is considered the liberal and enlightened system of education in the great colleges, the author animadverts severely on the commercial schools in which the course of education is mostly confined to what is likely to be of "so-called real use" to the student. He thinks it fosters a narrow and trading spirit, which looks to wealth as the end, and education as the means.

Doubtless there is some truth in this, but there is certainly a reverse to the shield. Any aim may be better than the no-aim which in so many instances makes the course of a "liberal and classical education" a rallying ground of attack for all the enemies naturally besetting the young man who stands in the first heyday and flush of his powers, with no competent outlet for their vigor, no healthy use for their strength. The horrors of it are best set forth in the few and true words of Hardy, the servitor:

"No amount of physical or mental work will fill the vacuum we are speaking of. It is the empty house, swept and garnished, which the boy might have had glimpses of, but the man finds yawning within him, and which must be filled somehow. It's a pretty good three years' work to learn how to keep the devils out of it, more or less, by the time you take your degree."

Parents may well pause on the brink of committing their children to such an ordeal as this; if this be true.

Perhaps the forthcoming volume of this at present incomplete story, may furnish an answer to the objections the first has suggested. At any rate, all that we find, and all that we do not find, in "Tom Brown at Oxford," makes us anticipate with interest and pleasure the continuation of his narrative.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth. Edited by his son. Two volumes. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

The Sable Cloud. By the author of "A South-side View of Slavery." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Father Tom and the Pope. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros, Philada.

Philp's Washington Described. A Complete View of the American Capital. Edited by William D. Hayley. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Twelve Sermons: Delivered at Antioch College. By Horace Mann. Published by Ticknor & Fields; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

"Saratoga and Newport—you've seen them,"
Said Charley one morning to Joe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them—
For bother my wig if I know!"
Quoth Joe, "'Tis the easiest matter
At once to distinguish the two—
At the one you go into the water,
At the other it goes into you."

☞ During a recent fire an old woman was very anxious to go through a street which at the time was considered dangerous, but all her efforts were unavailing. At length she pushed one of the policemen aside, when that worthy preserver of the public peace said—"No, marm, you can't pass; if you do you'll be killed, and then you'll blame us afterwards."

☞ **An Awakening Preacher.**—"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a peen aboot ye?" "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by your side."

☞ "Mary, is your master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "I don't believe it."—"Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

☞ A North Wales paper thus begins one of its paragraphs: "The inhabitants of Llanbedrgoch, and the contiguous parish of Llanfairmathafarneithaf." A very pleasant sound those last twenty-three letters must have.

☞ A grumbler at rainy weather thus expresses himself:

I'd like to hire a man to stop
Each crevice in the sky;
Though rain may benefit the crop,
I'm not a crop—not I.

☞ **Cheap Enough.**—An enterprising individual in Troy, N. Y., advertises to furnish aspirants for office with signatures to petitions at the rate of one dollar a hundred.

☞ God brings good out of evil, but it does not seem that in His providence He ever permits man to do so.

☞ There is no objection to *broils* in a house, so they be confined to the kitchen.

SUNNY SIDE OF THE HARD TIMES:
RETRENCHMENT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"These times touch moneyed worldlings with dismay:
Even rich men brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair;
While tens of thousands thinking on the affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound, healthy children of the God of Heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?"

So wrote Wordsworth, when the fear of a French invasion made a panic in England, and his words apply, in some degree, to the present crisis with us. It is the rich who are most unnerved by apprehension, and who are adding, as the fearful always do, a superfluous feature of danger to the present difficulties. But it is not our intention to talk politics, only to touch upon some small every day matters that are affected by the loss of riches. It is as true of small things as of great, that troubles bravely met are already half conquered, and that bugbears wholly conquered are the best friends we meet in all our mortal course. The compensations that wait upon every lot in life brighten in proportion to the cheerful alacrity with which that lot is accepted at the hands of the great Disposer of events. We may safely trust that if our troubles relate to things for which our Saviour charged us to take no thought, they will either vanish like phantoms when we "know how to take hold," as the Yankees phrase it, or, at that resolute grasp, drop their disguise and smile upon us with the face of angels. Those who from change of circumstances adopt a simpler way of living make some important discoveries. They find that in turning from prosperity to adversity they lay down the burden of the one before taking up that of the other, and are surprised that there is so little difference. The mistress of a large house with its corresponding retinue of domestics, finds in dispensing with one after another that labor and privation are not so bad an exchange for care and anxiety. She can better understand how her rosy housemaid could do a day's washing or ironing, and go to a party, as brisk as a lark, in the evening. Care is so much more exhausting than labor. Mental toil makes larger drafts upon life than physical.

But, the inexperienced may ask, what has mental toil to do with riches? We answer, nothing, necessarily, but a great deal as riches are generally used. What is the first use that a man makes of prosperity? He may have other visions in the background, but the first application of one of those rapidly made fortunes so common in our country, is to solidify into brick and mortar the owner's favorite castle in the air. A house and surroundings complete in proportion to his means and his ideal of living must first be established. He has only been preparing to live hitherto. Now he means to realize his dreams of what is possible in life. Money shall remove all those awkward deficiencies which have always marred his plans of elegance and dignity. And his lady wife is equally sanguine. Her love of beauty and order is now to be fully gratified. The want of means has seemed to be the only obstacle to success. Now, perfection shall be her watchword. No defect in any of the varied departments that make up a well appointed household is longer to be tolerated. Every servant shall do her duty thoroughly, securing to the mistress of all this splendor a life of ease and graceful luxury which shall at last satisfy her utmost longings.

How is it in reality? A friend of ours in California, where the humbug of domestic service is even more of a torment than it is here, sketched off amusingly in a letter, the troubles of a rich neighbor. The place and the house were as complete as money could make them. In those points the lady had not a wish ungratified; but the servants were the worry of her life. For one cause and another, she was always changing—ever seeking and never finding competent hands to carry out her beautiful arrangements.—Our friends, who themselves live in a simple and thoroughly comfortable manner, as little dependent as possible upon hired help, could not avoid some complacent moralizing when they saw those lordly park gates so often opened for the same purpose—the stage continually stopping to set down or take up a girl. This is a common picture in the States as well as in California—the lady all the time wondering and fretting at her hard lot, growing pale and thin and care-worn, instead of blooming out like a flower in the sunshine of her brilliant advantages; rebelling from the task which she finds imposed upon her, and looking forward with ever thwarted hope to the good time coming—which never comes.

For she does not understand her position. In taking the place of superior to a number of dependents, she looked for ease and luxurious leisure—light without shadow. She forgot to consider the alloy that must enter into every golden plan to make it practicable. She has not risen above the necessity of labor—no mortal can do that. In being rich, she has simply assumed a new set of duties and finds them irksome, partly from incompetence, and partly from want of will. Her servants are raw recruits, and she must drill them. The task disgusts her, and that case is dismissed, but the next is no better. She looks back upon her housekeeping over a long line of incapables, and though she cannot reasonably hope for anything else, still refuses to accept her post. The head of a household is as truly a teacher as any school ma'am in the land. If she cannot or will not do her part, the worse for her; the necessity rests upon her all the same, whether she groans under it like a slave, or bears it bravely with a free good-will.

The post of teacher is a high and honorable one; none more so. It is the divinely ordained labor of the rich, but it is not a thing to be coveted by those who are planning to lead an easy life, and here comes the jarring. People seek the pleasures of wealth, and try to shirk the corresponding duties: try in vain, of course; and thus their life is a perpetual struggle, and a perpetual disappointment.

Now when Providence sees fit to take from you the stewardship of riches, do not fancy the change all loss. The mere immunity from many cares that had been corroding your life is itself a blessing. And one good is pretty sure to come—a proper appreciation of lost privileges; for, so perversely are we constituted, that a treasure is seldom rightly valued until it is no longer possessed. And if not rightly valued what is the use of having it? You may well thank the Disposer of your life if in taking a blessing from you He gives in exchange the wisdom to appreciate it. Do not say it is then too late. For an heir of eternity no wisdom comes too late, nor is it bought too dear if you could not get it for less. Your privations are blessings, if they bring to you the riches of fellow feeling for all who suffer, the willingness to bear

"Your portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race—"

and wealth is well lost if one loses with it the sloth and listlessness and hardness of heart which are the besetting sins of a prosperous life.

* * *

HOME MADE WINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor: There is no longer any doubt but that wines of as excellent flavor as those imported from Europe, and much more reliable on the score of wholesomeness, may be produced upon American soil.

During a late visit to England, I tasted some wine made by myself, from a mixture of currants and raspberries, in the fall of 1846; it had been twelve years in bottle. A gentleman extensively engaged in the London wine trade being present, was asked to name the wine; he smelt it, or rather, in the trade phraseology, nosed it, tasted it, smacked his lips, tasted again. "Upon my word! that's a fine glass of wine, but what it is I don't know; it has a splendid bouquet, and it's as soft as a glove; I've tasted some choice old Italian wines something like it."

"What do you think, Mr. G—— of the domestic currant article?"

"No, no, no, my dear fellow; there's none of that rot about it, I'm sure."

Great was the astonishment of the complacent connoisseur in finding it to be veritably the much despised, home-manufactured currant wine; and certainly it was a very different thing from the sickly, sophisticated, nauseous products of the "British Wine" manufacturers of the city of London.

The flavor and size of the currant is greatly to be improved by careful culture. From experience, I should say prune out the old wood in the fall, keep the bushes far enough apart to plough between both ways, and manure highly. By the use of chicken manure, I have doubled the size and yield of my fruit, and prefer it to all other manures for that purpose.

Before the season for wine making comes round, I shall endeavor to send you a concise statement of a process which differs from those in general use, and secures an earlier maturation of the product.

Yours respectfully,
C. E. Ashby, M. D.

Winslow, Ill.

P. S.—Can any of the readers of The Post give me information respecting the cultivation of flaxseed?

☞ A single life may be compared to one-half of a bank note; of no use without the other half.

☞ When we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that new prejudices have taken the places of old ones.

☞ **Hard to Satisfy.**—It has been observed by keen philosophers, that an eel is displeased at being skinned, begin at which end of him you may.

☞ Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

☞ A German being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort, produced the following:—"I ish full. I wants no more money. John Swackhammer."

☞ Dr. Adam Clark, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at a dinner where the principal dish was roast pig. He is reported to have said: "Oh, Lord; if thou canst bless under the Gospel what thou didst curse under the law, bless this pig."

☞ "Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British legion at St. Sebastian. "A friend," was the prompt reply. "Then stand where you are, for, by the powers, you're the first I've met with in this murtherin' country."

☞ Oftentimes the person whose death is most deeply regretted by a man's second wife is his first.

☞ Estimating the amount of blood in the human body at twenty-four pounds, twelve pounds pass through the heart every minute.

☞ The last executions for witchcraft, of which we can find any record, occurred in Poland, Jan. 17th, 1775, when nine poor old women were burnt at the stake. They were accused of bewitching the land and rendering it unfruitful.

☞ Pleasure is to a woman what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves—if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys.

☞ The cuckoo made its appearance in England in January, much to the surprise of the naturalists, who cannot decide whether this bird winters there or has come from other parts to enjoy the fine weather.

THE LAST SEPARATION.

BY BULWER.

We shall not rest together, love,
When death has wrenched my heart from thine;
The sun may smile thy grave above,
When clouds are dark on mine.
I know not why—since in the tomb
No instinct fires the silent heart—
And yet it seems a thought of gloom
That we should ever part;
That journeying through the toilsome past,
Thus hand in hand and side by side,
The rest we reach should, at the last,
The weary ones divide;
That the same breezes should not sigh
The self-same funeral boughs among,
Nor o'er one grave at daybreak die
The nightbird's lonely song.

LOST!

A parting glance round the office, to assure himself all desks, closets, and iron safes are properly secured for the night, and the solicitor's confidential clerk locks up, and prepares for home. With coat buttoned to the throat, and hat drawn over his eyes, Mark Edwards turns his steps towards Islington, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and drizzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and buffet him, as he vainly hails omnibus after omnibus, to receive the same answer—"Full." But Mark makes no trouble of these outdoor inconveniences, for his mind's-eye is fixed on the well-covered tea-table, bright fire, and, best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his return. The picture is so pleasant, that he cheerily breaks forth into a line of "Home, sweet home," as he turns the corner of the street where stands his own trim little domicile.

Mrs. Edwards is peering into the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains, and has the door open before Mark's hand touches the knocker.

"What a night for you, love!" says the little matron, brushing the rain-drops from his bushy whiskers, and kissing him compassionately; "and how late you are!"

Edwards looks up at the clock as he struggles out of his dripping coat. "I am late indeed," he answers; "but Mr. Pleadwell has started on his trip to the Lakes this afternoon, and there were a great many things to attend to before he went. And look here, Fanny—this packet contains some valuable deeds and securities, which will be called for by the owner in a few days; in the meanwhile, I have to copy one of them, but don't feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I place them with safety?"

Fanny suggests his desk, but that is the first article a burglar would be likely to meddle with. The wife's cheek pales at the idea of such a visitor, and she considers. "That old escritoire in the spare bedroom, will not that do?"

Mark still hesitates. "I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them go out of my own possession, that I am afraid of even that."

Fanny reminds him that there is a secret drawer in it. "Don't you remember," she asks, "what trouble we had to find it?"

"Ha! the very place!" So his wife carries the candle for him, and the valuable packet is deposited in this hidden receptacle. Its only contents are a few highly scented letters, tied together with a piece of ribbon, the which, Fanny laughing and blushing, confesses are Mr. Mark Edwards's love effusions before marriage, carefully preserved to bear witness against him when he becomes cold and cross.

Perhaps it was a restless night and unpleasant dreams which made the clerk so uneasy—even in the hurry of the next day's work—knowing that he had not visited the escritoire before leaving home in the morning, to ascertain with his own eyes the safety of the papers in his charge. He pooh-poohs the idea as it presents itself, remembering that *one* key is in his own possession, and the other on his wife's housekeeping bunch; but it returns so often, that it is with a feeling of relief that he hears the signal for closing, and feels he is at liberty to return home.

How is it his welcome is not such a smiling one as it usually is? Fanny's spirits seem depressed, and her eyes look as if they had been clouded with tears.

"Have you had any visitors to-day?" her husband carelessly inquires as he sips his tea.

The hesitating "No" is so faintly pronounced that the young man, hitherto preoccupied with business, looks up.

"That 'No' sounded like 'Yes!' Who has been here?"

"Only my brother George," Fanny answers in a low voice, and Mark, frowning, turns away, and takes up a book.

"My brother George" is his *aversion*, and the torment and trouble of his wife's family; always in difficulties, no sooner rescued from one scrape than rushing headlong into another, sometimes invisible for months, and suddenly reappearing to levy contributions on any relatives able or willing to assist him. Mark has seriously contemplated forbidding his visits; but then Fanny is so tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the prodigal's ultimate reformation, that her husband has not yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his wishes, although *he* knows where his wife's brooch went, and why she wears that old velvet bonnet. Fanny seems to guess what is passing in his mind by her coming so softly to his side, and stroking his hair, and pressing her lips to his forehead, but neither of them say anything, and Mark leisurely prepares for his task of copying. While he has gone up stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra candle, and ensconces herself in a corner with her work-table, regretting as she does so that her "poor boy" must be bored with this odious writing when he ought to be resting. However, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three at a time, to ask, rather angrily, why she has moved his packet without mentioning it. With astonishment in her looks, his wife denies having done so, and hurries with him to the spare bedroom, asserting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of its place. The old escritoire stands exactly as they left it, the lock had not been tampered with, nor was the secret drawer open; and there, undisturbed, lie the love-letters; but the small brown-paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal, is gone!

The husband, suspecting he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of terror.

"Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny! Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I cannot produce these papers, I am a ruined man! It would be worse than the loss of money: *that* I might replace, these I cannot. Tell me at once where they are."

"Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself. They must be here; perhaps they have slipped behind the drawer."

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked; hammer and chisel are soon fetched, and the back of the escritoire is knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain unperceived.

Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife down stairs, and commences questioning her. Where is her key? On the ring; it has not been out of her possession. Has she been out? No. Is she quite sure of that? Quite; besides, as she ventures to remind him, the locks have not been forced, nor is aught else missing, as would have been the case if thieves had entered the house. In uncontrollable agitation, the bewildered young man paces the room, while Fanny, unable to proffer advice, or assist him with any reasonable conjecture, watches him in trembling silence.

Suspicions are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts's brother, and regrets uttered, even in his hearing, that a respectable young man like Mr. Edwards should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwelt upon. He pauses before his wife and sternly demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house. That brother of hers! What a speech! All Fanny's sisterly feelings are in arms, and yet her voice falters, for she is forced to own that it was the want of money. "And you told him I had those papers in the house," Mark cries accusingly. With a crimson face, she angrily denies it. She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. Is it likely she would do so? Or if she did, would George, poor foolish fellow that he is, steal up stairs and rob his sister's home? Ridiculous! Impossible!

"Impossible," Mark retorts, "without he possessed the key."

"It has not been out of my pocket," sobs Fanny.

"Then where," asks Mark, "are the missing papers?" Their little servant-maid away for a holiday—no one in the house, according to Fanny's own confession, but this young man. Where are the papers?

Receiving for reply a torrent of tears and protestations, he flings himself on the sofa, and tries to steady his nerves to the consequences of this extraordinary loss. Meanwhile, Fanny goes and institutes an unavailing search in every box, and cupboard, and drawer where it could be possible to find such a parcel, although it would puzzle her to explain how it could have withdrawn itself from the secret drawer to take refuge elsewhere. At last she returns to the parlor in despair. The packet must have been stolen. But how? When? By whom? Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted when a tap at the door announces a visitor, and that visitor proves to be her father.

To him the mysterious affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the papers, or give any clue which might lead to their recovery. To Fanny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit, and her half-made endeavor to conceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affection for her husband, tell all she knows.

But now the father interposes. To tamely hear both his children accused of such a crime, is more than his rather irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counter-accusation that Mark has, for some unworthy end, removed the parcel himself. Words now become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, not lessened by this championship, and she weeps so bitterly, and pleads so earnestly with both, that Mark, more touched than we would like to confess, abruptly leaves them to shut himself in his chamber. After some hours, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up the stairs, and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in an uneasy slumber. Her father persuades her to rest too, but poor Fanny shakes her head, and still sits by his side, leaning her head on his shoulder, and feeling more forlorn and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel before. What will poor Mark do? And what will become of her, if he persists in believing her guilty?

Equally bewildered, and almost as unhappy as his daughter, Mr. Roberts tries to sooth her with promises, not only to seek George, and bring him to exculpate himself, but to forgive Mark's hasty speeches, and assist him in investigating this mysterious affair. So at last Fanny begins to feel more comforted, and to wish her father to leave her; but, tired as he confesses himself, he cannot quit her in such trouble, and they continue to occupy the same position by the fire till night has long given place to morning, and Mr. Roberts's eyes close involuntarily.

A footstep overhead startles them.

"It is only Mark," says Fanny, after a moment's listening. "Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer."

In the modern six-roomed house every sound is distinctly audible, and they hear him enter the chamber where stands the now shattered escritoire. After a short pause, he is heard slowly descending the stairs, and his wife raises herself from her reclining position and smooths her disordered hair.

As he enters the room, Mr. Roberts lays his hand on his daughter's arm. "Look, child, look!" he whispers; and Fanny sees with astonishment that her husband is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love-letters.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well filled bookcase, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the History of England, which grace the highest shelf; then he draws out a number of loose magazines, hidden there because of their untidy appearance; lays the old love-letters quite at the back of all, replaces the odd numbers, returns the volumes to their shelf, carefully putting them even, locks the glass-doors, and is stalking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakens him, snatches the key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes, and wondering, he sees her eager fingers dragging Hume and Smollett from their proud position to assume an inglorious one on the hearth rug and in the fender; the once treasured Belle Assemblees are scattered in all directions; the highly prized love-letters receive similar usage; and then, from behind all the rest, Fanny triumphantly takes out the small brown-paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal. Crying and laughing in one breath, the happy little wife is the next moment in her husband's arms, kissing and being kissed *ad libitum*.

Little explanation was needed. The young man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety regarding his trust, had led to his cautiously rising in the night, and unconsciously transferring the packet to what he afterwards remembered as the first hiding-place which had presented itself to his mind on bringing it home the preceding evening.

How many times he has asked forgiveness is not recorded, but Fanny is a true woman, quick to resent, but easily appeased; and Mark has taken George and George's affairs in hand so heartily, that the young scapegrace is actually improving, and there is even some hope of Fanny's belief in his total reformation being realized.

SMALL THINGS.

The simplest flowers with honied sweets are stored,
The smallest thing may happiness afford;
A kindly word may give a mind repose,
Which harshly spoken might have led to blows;
The smallest crust may save a human life,
The smallest act may lead to human strife;
The slightest touch may cause the body pain,
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;
The simplest act may tell the truly brave,
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve,
The slightest look may cause the heart to grieve;
The slightest sound may cause the mind alarm,
The smallest thing may do the greatest harm;
Naught is so small but it may good contain,
Afford us pleasure or award us pain.

EDMUND HILL.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men.—*Locke.*

The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, rising one over another by a gentle and easy ascent.—*Addison.*

We have still much to learn respecting the peculiar instincts, the reasoning faculties and the different tempers of animals. All these vary in a peculiar manner, well worthy of notice. Instinct shows itself more particularly in the self preservation of themselves and their young, and in the latter case great love and tender solicitude are to be discovered. Both in quadrupeds and birds peculiar cries and notes are sufficient to cause alarm in the young, and to induce them to conceal themselves from apprehended danger; other notes, on the contrary, tell them that all is safe. Perhaps one of the most interesting and curious instances of instinct adopted for the preservation and well-being of its young is to be found in the case of the ostrich. She makes a large nest on the ground, in which she deposits her eggs, with the exception of one, which she drops at a short distance from her nest, and there leaves it. It is, perhaps, that solitary abandoned egg which has given rise to the oft-repeated opinion, that the ostrich abandons her eggs to Providence. The fact is, that the female sits on her eggs all night, and the male bird does the same during a part of the day, and only when the heat of the sun does not render incubation necessary. And now let us see what is the use of the egg which had been separated from the rest. The use of that egg is a beautiful instance of a bird's foresight. A few days before the young ones are hatched, the ostrich goes and splits the cast out egg; it is immediately blown by flies, and by the time the young ostriches break their shell it is full of maggots, and on the birth of the birds the mother leads them to the egg for their first repast.

The following is another extraordinary instance of instinct and maternal affection:—

It has been stated, on good authority, that in Siberia, where milk, especially in winter, is scarce and valuable, the cows are kept in a shed, and as soon as the calf is dropped it is immediately taken from the dam, and brought up chiefly with a mixture of flour and water. So aware is the poor cow, after being treated in this way once or twice, that she will be deprived of her young when it is born, that if she can possibly make her escape before this event takes place, she goes at full speed into the deepest recesses of the Siberian forests, and there collects a quantity of leaves, and covers up her calf in them as soon as it is born. She then feeds at a considerable distance from the spot, and only visits the calf at night, so that it is very difficult for the owner to find it.

Let me next refer to the reasoning faculties of animals, though I am aware that it is a difficult subject to treat of. However, two or three instances of what appears to me to be *reason* shall be given.

The son of a gentleman of my acquaintance, residing at Wyck, close to Brighton, brought with him from Spain a sort of Spanish terrier, possessed of some peculiar habits. A young lady, a teacher of music, ere going to give a lesson to one of her pupils near the house of the owner of the dog, had her attention attracted to the animal. He looked at her very significantly, pulled her by the gown the contrary way to that which she was going, and evidently wanted her to follow him. Partly instigated by curiosity, but chiefly because the dog held her gown tight in his mouth, she suffered herself to be led some distance, when he at last brought her into a field in which some houses were being built. She then became alarmed, and, seeing two or three laborers, she asked them to drive the dog away. Finding, however, that he would not quit his hold, they advised her to see where the dog would lead her, promising to accompany and protect her. Thus assured, she followed him to one of the houses then building. On their arrival, they found that an area had been dug out, and a strong plank placed across it, one end resting on a heap of earth. At this end the dog began scratching eagerly, and, on lifting it up, a large beef bone was discovered to have been hidden under it, which the dog seized in his mouth, and bolted away with, perfectly satisfied. There need not be any doubt of the accuracy of this anecdote, and it seems to me to afford a proof of reason and intelligence in an animal in getting others to do what he was unable to do himself.

The following anecdote is a further proof of what has just been remarked.

About eleven o'clock, on the night of the 20th of May, 1856, as Mr. Henry Carr, of Shaw Wood Gardens, in the county of Durham, accompanied by two or three friends, was coming through a field leading from his house to the North Road, their attention was attracted to a pony belonging to Mr. Carr, which came up to them, and, on their attempting to stroke it, as they had often done on previous occasions, it threw up its head, gave several loud snorts, and instantly scampered across the field in the direction of a viaduct, and, after proceeding some distance, returned and made a similar demonstration, evidently wishing to attract their attention, and then again immediately ran off. It occurred to the party that there might be something amiss, and they therefore followed the pony, which betrayed evident symptoms of delight, and in a short time it brought them to the edge of a large pool of water immediately adjoining the viaduct, when it again began snorting and jumping about. On looking into the water, they fancied they saw something on the surface, and also heard a gurgling sound, as of some one drowning. A man named Coxon instantly jumped into the water, and soon succeeded in bringing out the apparently lifeless body of a man, who turned out to be a person named Johnson, a shoemaker, belonging to Sunderland, who had, while under the influence of liquor, lost his way and fallen into the pool. He was eventually recovered. This proceeding of the pony cannot be called the mere result of instinct—it appears the exclusive result of reason.

The instances of a reasoning faculty in quadrupeds, birds, and even in some insects, might be multiplied to a great extent, but only one more shall be given. A faithful dog, the property of a medical man (Dr. A——,) was in the habit, every night at ten o'clock, of coming to his master to tell him it was time to retire to rest. Dr. A——'s brother suggested that the clock should be stopped in order to discover how the dog knew the hour. The animal appeared very restless when the clock should have struck, he ran to his master, tapped him on the knee, and would not be satisfied till he followed him to the clock to be convinced that all was not right. The dog was accustomed to go round the house in the evening to ascertain that every place was properly secured. A window shutter was purposely left unclosed in order to test the accuracy of his eye. The faithful animal passed the whole of the night in that room, evidently for the purpose of guarding it. When his master was confined to his bed for some days with a severe illness, the attached dog refused to eat, and at length the Doctor was obliged to get up and appear well, lest the dog should be starved to death.

Nothing varies more than the different tempers of animals. Much of this certainly is owing to ill-usage; but some show from their earliest youth a decided character, either of gentleness or ferocity. For instance, I have a most amiable cat, and two terriers, who are great friends with the former. As soon as she had produced her first litter of kittens, nothing would satisfy her till she had brought the dogs to see them. There were only two kittens. When they could see, I had them brought to me. One of them showed the ferocity of a tiger on being touched, striking with her paws, opening her mouth, and spitting. The other, on the contrary, was meek and gentle, and suffered itself to be handled without showing the least fear. Dogs, also, of the same litter will show a great variety in their dispositions. And so among elephants some are docile and affectionate, others are fierce and sulky. Colts and fillies, by the same sire and dam, show early restiveness and violence of disposition, and others the contrary disposition. So it is sometimes with bees. I had a hive, the inhabitants of which always attacked me if I went near them, while those in a neighboring hive would allow me to do almost anything I pleased with them, without once offering to resent my intrusion.

It is not easy to account for this diversity of disposition, which I have witnessed in very many instances. In the human race it is more perceptible, and any mother of a large family can vouch for the fact.

EDWARD JESSE.

☞ He who feels his own deficiencies will be a charitable man for his own sake.

TREATMENT OF GRAVE OFFENCES.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

Note, in the first place, that these graver offences are likely to be both less frequent and less grave under the *regime* we have described than under the ordinary *regime*. The perpetual ill-behavior of many children is itself the consequence of that chronic irritation in which they are kept by bad management. The state of isolation and antagonism produced by frequent punishment, necessarily deadens the sympathies; necessarily, therefore, opens the way to those transgressions which the sympathies should check. That harsh treatment which children of the same family inflict on each other is often, in great measure, a reflex of the harsh treatment they receive from adults—partly suggested by direct example, and partly generated by the ill-temper and the tendency to vicarious retaliation, which follow chastisements and scoldings. It cannot be questioned that the greater activity of the affections and happier state of feeling, maintained in children by the discipline we have described, must prevent their sins against each other from being either so great or so frequent. Moreover, the still more reprehensible offences, as lies and petty thefts, will, by the same causes, be diminished. Domestic estrangement is a fruitful source of such transgressions. It is a law of human nature, visible enough to all who observe, that those who are debarred the higher gratifications fall back upon the lower; those who have no sympathetic pleasures seek selfish ones; and hence, conversely, the maintenance of happier relations between parents and children is calculated to diminish the number of those offences of which selfishness is the origin.

When, however, such offences are committed, as they will occasionally be even under the best system, the discipline of consequences may still be resorted to; and if there exist that bond of confidence and affection which we have described, this discipline will be found efficient. For what are the natural consequences, say, of a theft? They are of two kinds—direct and indirect. The direct consequence, as dictated by pure equity, is that of making restitution. An absolutely just ruler (and every parent should aim to be one) will demand that, wherever it is possible, a wrong act shall be undone by a right one: and in the case of theft this implies either the restoration of the thing stolen, or, if it is consumed, then the giving of an equivalent; which, in the case of a child, may be effected out of its pocket-money. The indirect and more serious consequence is the grave displeasure of parents—a consequence which inevitably follows among all peoples sufficiently civilized to regard theft as a crime; and the manifestation of this displeasure is, in this instance, the most severe of the natural reactions produced by the wrong action. "But," it will be said, "the manifestation of parental displeasure, either in words or blows, is the ordinary course in these cases; the method leads here to nothing new." Very true. Already we have admitted that, in some directions, this method is spontaneously pursued. Already we have shown that there is a more or less manifest tendency for educational systems to gravitate towards the true system. And here we may remark, as before, that the intensity of this natural reaction will, in the beneficent order of things, adjust itself to the requirements—that this parental displeasure will vent itself in violent measures during comparatively barbarous times, when the children are also comparatively barbarous; and will express itself less cruelly in those more advanced social states in which, by implication, the children are amenable to milder treatment. But what it chiefly concerns us here to observe is, that the manifestation of strong parental displeasure, produced by one of these graver offences, will be potent for good just in proportion to the warmth of the attachment existing between parent and child. Just in proportion as the discipline of the natural consequences has been consistently pursued in other cases, will it be efficient in this case. Proof is within the experience of all, if they will look for it.

For does not every man know that when he has offended another person, the amount of genuine regret he feels (of course, leaving worldly considerations out of the question) varies with the degree of sympathy he has for that person? Is he not conscious that when the person offended stands to him in the position of an enemy, the having given him annoyance is apt to be a source rather of secret satisfaction than of sorrow? Does he not remember that where umbrage has been taken by some total stranger, he has felt much less concern than he would have done had such umbrage been taken by one with whom he was intimate? While, conversely, has not the anger of an admired and cherished friend been regarded by him as a serious misfortune, long and keenly regretted? Clearly, then, the effects of parental displeasure upon children must similarly depend upon the pre-existing relationship. Where there is an established alienation, the feeling of a child who has transgressed is a purely selfish fear of the evil consequences likely to fall upon it in the shape of physical penalties or deprivations; and after these evil consequences have been inflicted, there are aroused an antagonism and dislike which are morally injurious, and tend further to increase the alienation. On the contrary, where there exists a warm filial affection produced by a consistent parental friendship—a friendship not dogmatically asserted as an excuse for punishments and denials, but daily exhibited in ways that a child can comprehend—a friendship which avoids needless thwartings, which warns against impending evil consequences, and which sympathizes with juvenile pursuits—there the state of mind caused by parental displeasure will not only be salutary as a check to future misconduct of like kind, but will also be intrinsically salutary. The moral pain consequent upon having, for the time being, lost so loved a friend, will stand in place of the physical pain usually inflicted; and where this attachment exists, will prove equally, if not more, efficient. While instead of the fear and vindictiveness excited by the one course, there will be excited by the other more or less of sympathy with parental sorrow, a genuine regret for having caused it, and a desire, by some atonement, to re-establish the habitual friendly relationship. Instead of bringing into play those purely egoistic feelings whose predominance is the cause of criminal acts, there will be brought into play those altruistic feelings which check criminal acts. Thus the discipline of the natural consequences is applicable to grave as well as trivial faults; and the practice of it conduces not simply to the repression, but to the eradication of such faults.

In brief, the truth is that savageness begets savageness, and gentleness begets gentleness. Children who are unsympathetically treated become relatively unsympathetic; whereas treating them with due fellow-feeling is a means of cultivating their fellow-feeling.—With family governments as with political ones, a harsh despotism itself generates a great part of the crimes it has to repress; while conversely a mild and liberal rule not only avoids many causes of dissension, but so ameliorates the tone of feeling as to diminish the tendency to transgression. As John Locke long since remarked, "Great severity of punishment does but very little good, nay, great harm, in education; and I believe it will be found that, *cœteris paribus*, those children who have been most chastised seldom make the best men." In confirmation of which opinion we may cite the fact that not long since made public by Mr. Rogers, Chaplain of the Pentonville Prison, that those juvenile criminals who have been whipped are those who most frequently return to prison. On the other hand, as exhibiting the beneficial effects of a kinder treatment, we will instance the fact stated to us by a French lady, in whose house we recently stayed in Paris. Apologizing for the disturbance daily caused by a little boy who was unmanageable both at home and at school, she expressed her fear that there was no remedy save that which had succeeded in the case of an elder brother; namely, sending him to an English school. She explained that at various schools in Paris this elder brother had proved utterly untractable; that in despair they had followed the advice to send him to England; and that on his return home he was as good as he had before been bad. And this remarkable change she ascribed entirely to the comparative mildness of the English discipline.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

We like short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man. He fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting M'dlle. Eve, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of this first kiss in this world, we have had, however, our thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood have wished we were the man "wot did it." But the deed is done. The chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene. One thing about the wedding brings queer thoughts to us, spite of scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagest speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger, but no older; without experience, without a house, without a pot or a kettle, nothing—but love and Eden!—*Tadpole's Experiences.*

THE RUINS OF ROME.—The Italian climate robs age of its reverence, and makes it look newer than it is. Not the Coliseum, nor the tombs of the Appian Way, nor the oldest pillar in the Forum, nor any other Roman ruin, be it as dilapidated as it may, ever give the impression of venerable antiquity which we gather along with the ivy from the gray walls of an English abbey or castle. And yet every brick or stone which we pick up among the former had fallen ages before the foundation of the latter was begun. This is owing to the kindliness with which Nature takes an English ruin to her heart, covering it with ivy, as tenderly as Robin Redbreast covered the dead babes with forest leaves. She strives to make it a part of herself, gradually obliterating the handiwork of man, and supplanting it with her own mosses and trailing verdure, till she has won the whole structure back. But in Italy, wherever man has once hewn a stone, Nature forthwith relinquishes her right to it, and never lays her finger on it again. Age after age finds it bare and naked in the barren sunshine, and leaves it so.

FIRST AMERICAN POETRY.—There are few girls or boys in this country who have not heard the nursery rhyme sung by their mothers while rocking the cradle:

"Lul-a-by baby upon the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle, baby and all."

But how many of you know the origin of the simple lines? We have the following account from the records of the Boston Historical Society. Shortly after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, Mass., a party were out in the fields where the Indian women were picking strawberries. Several of these women, or squaws, as they are called, had papooses, that is babies, and having no cradles, they had them tied up in Indian fashion, and hung from the limbs of the surrounding trees. Sure enough, "when the wind blew, these cradles would rock." A young man of the party observing this, peeled over a piece of bark, and wrote the above lines, which were, it is believed, the first poetry written in America.

☞ There are some human tongues which have two sides, like that of certain quadrupeds, one smooth, the other very rough.

MARCH.

[There is a singular Italian proverb, which bids us "Never speak ill of the month of March." The odd story told in the following verses is given, I believe, in the *Pentamerone* of Giambattista Basile.]

A horseman through the valley sped,
Dark arched the tall trees overhead;
Wild blew the wind, black grew the night;
Wild torrents leapt to left and right.
"Now, if I hold the middle path,
And 'scape the waters in their wrath,
And reach yon light, which far I see,
By Venus! 'twill be well for me."

He reached the fire, he won the way,
Around its blaze twelve figures lay.
Welcome they gave, yet little spoke.
He shared their wine, he dried his cloak.
Weird were the figures of his hosts,
And yet they seemed no fays or ghosts;
Yet gazing on them brought a chill—
A sense of something vast and still.

The traveller had a merry heart,
God shelters such in every part;
To every soul alive was he
As kind as mortal man could be;
Wild blew the wind, down drove the dust,
As in the month of March it must;
And yet for all the dust and wind,
He spoke of March in accents kind.

"Many, I know," said he, "are rude,
And swear 'March grass does little good,'
And that March winds and the May sun
Make linen white and maidens dun;
But then 'tis true, by all confest,
'Birds hatched in March are ever best;'
And March, if rough, is sure, they say,
To make in time the loveliest May."

Around the fire a murmur rolled
Of wonder, storm-like, uncontrolled:
And a deep laugh of awful sport,
Like Norse gods in the Thunder Court;
And one arose from his earth-bed,
A fresh young giant, white and red;
"By all the winds 'neath Heaven's arch!
What man is this who praises March!

"Thou know'st us not, yet soon shalt know,
From us the weeks and hours grow.
Thou seest what man did never see,
For lo! the Months in truth are we.
O'er every land I long have blown,
All that man says to me is known;
Yet never heard in all my search
A man before who praised ME—March!

"And, traveller, for praising me,
Rich is the boon I give to thee;
No sun by day, no storm by night,
Shall give thee pain or cause thee fright;
All wealth, all blessings man has known,
Shall ever freely be thine own;
Now go thy way in peace, and still
Be known as one who ne'er spoke ill."

C. G. L.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"And thus the words were spoken,
And thus the plighted vow,
And though my faith be broken,
And though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That *proves* me happy now!

"Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how.
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken—
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now."

—Bridal Ballad.—Edgar A. Poe.

Next day, at the earliest admissible hour, the Duke of Carlisle presented himself at Mr. Stanhope's.

Ada had expected, and was waiting to receive him, for she had already had an interview with her niece, and, as delicately as possible, urged upon her the peer's wishes, flattering herself all the while that because she did not in so many words say, "Do consent to your suitor's petition," she left Beatrice a free agent, upon whom the entire responsibility of action would rest.

At present, however, the girl had neither positively acquiesced nor refused, and her aunt's mind was far from being at ease, although she met the Duke as if it were,—answering his greeting, and accepting his apology for the previous night's hasty departure, with calm self-possession.

"And now," said he, eagerly, when all these common-places were over, "where is she?"

"In Adela's boudoir, which has been resigned to her."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"And you have broached the subject to her—will she consent?"

"I think so—but she has not promised."

"She has not refused?"

"No; although her spirits are fearfully depressed."

"The gaiety and excitement of a wedding will raise them. Town is insufferably dull, just now; no wonder that she feels it."

"Is it?" and the lady passed her hand wearily over her brow. "Oh, Carlisle! you will be kind to her?"

"Why do you doubt it? Do you think nature formed me for a brute?"

"You have been cruel to me, who never injured you: how then can I confide in your tenderness to one who will be wholly in your power, and who in her utter ignorance of the world you worship, may give you a thousand causes of offence?"

"I must teach her to avoid them."

"*Teach her!* Ah, heaven! *how?*"

And the speaker shuddered.

"Gently—firmly—as befits her and myself. Come, Ada," and for the first time during all those long and terrible conversations, the Duke's voice assumed a frank and manly tone; "cast off these misgivings, for which I acknowledge you have too much cause, and trust me fearlessly with your niece's happiness."

"Oh, that I dared to hope it! But she is very young, and may, unconsciously, displease."

"No unconscious error *can* displease."

"You are right. The angels in heaven are not more incapable of wrong—but you are of a jealous nature."

"I am."

"She may unwittingly excite it."

"What do you mean?" he cried, turning fiercely towards her; "what do you mean? By the saints above, there is meaning in all this! You know something! She is false—she has another lover—you have deceived me. Speak, madam, speak! Answer me—what do you mean?"

"Nothing that should cause this outbreak, or warrant you in making such assertions.—As I have said before, Beatrice is incapable of wrong or deception, and you insult her grossly by even supposing otherwise. Such readiness to imagine evil, augurs ill for the future, and terribly contradicts the promise you make of love, confidence and protection."

"It does not. So long as she deserves my love and confidence, she shall have them—not even the breath of heaven shall chill her. But let only a shadow fall upon her name—let me have cause to doubt her, and you may well fear for us all then!"

At this moment Adela entered, and taking advantage of the interruption to break off his conversation with her mother, the Duke retired to seek Beatrice.

He found her in the room to which he had been directed, her face paler than ever, her eyes gazing fixedly upon a hurried note just come by the post from Julia, only signed with initials, and asking her cousin to choose some trifles for the wedding—"he and I having such confidence in your taste"—and ending with an apology worded thus—"You must pardon me for giving you so much trouble at so short a notice, but really I cannot command a moment's time, even to write letters, for he will scarcely allow me to be absent from his side an instant."

Full of indignant misery, Carlisle could not have met his betrothed at a better opportunity. Heart-sick with shame, self-contempt, and disappointment, she felt humbled and wretched—almost grateful for the warmth of this man's greeting, which somewhat soothed her pride, showing that, although scorned by one, she was yet prized and sought by his superior.

At last, after a few minute's disjointed talk, the Duke said tenderly,

"Your aunt tells me, dearest, that she has mentioned to you the request I ventured to entrust her with last night. Dare I hope that you will grant it?"

A faint blush dawned on the heiress's pale cheek, and her lover continued.

"I feel that I am presuming greatly upon your goodness, Beatrice, but it would confer exceeding happiness on me if you would generously yield to my wishes, and fix the twenty-second of next month for our wedding day."

The girl started convulsively, and exclaimed,

"The twenty-second! Oh, not that day—not that day!"

"I know it is a very short notice; but Mrs. Stanhope has kindly undertaken that everything shall be in readiness, and it is of the greatest importance that I should be in Paris before the end of the month."

He entered into some particulars, which, being purely imaginary, I need not repeat; but Beatrice did not hear them. The sound of that terrible date rang in her ears, closing them against all others; for, as you remember, dear reader, it was the date of Julia's wedding day, and, as Beatrice supposed, George's also. No; her own marriage must be before or after, but not then. So, clasping her hands tightly, she cried again,

"Not the twenty-second—not the twenty-second! Any day but that!"

"Why, dearest?"

"I don't know. Because I have a prejudice against it—a sort of horror!" And she shivered. "Pray do not fix upon it!"

"Certainly not, if you object; but I did not know you were superstitious, darling."

"Everybody is, I think, more or less; and I begin to fancy I am weaker than most."

"Beautiful women ought to be weak on some point," answered the Duke, gallantly; "else, armed as they are with resistless power on all others, what would become of us, their slaves?"

It was the first time such language as this had been addressed to Beatrice, or any man had told her she was beautiful, and now it jarred strangely on her ears, sounding more like sarcasm than admiration; and she said gravely,

"You must not use such fine words to me, Duke; I have not been accustomed to flattery."

"It is not flattery to call you beautiful, for you are so—the most beautiful girl in London, in my eyes, at least."

"I must be greatly altered, then, since my father called me his ugly pet."

"I should think so, indeed; unless his taste differed immensely from that of all the rest of the world."

"I believe it did, for no one whom I have ever known since has had such a correct and severe appreciation of the truth in all things."

"No one? That is a hard judgment," said the Peer, playfully. "Do you make no exception?"

"None, except—" And as she spoke, a recollection of how thoroughly the opinion of George Conyers and Mr. Lyle had appeared to agree, flashed across her mind, and she paused abruptly, a red blush rising over her face and throat.

The Duke saw it, and an uneasy pang shot through him as he repeated,

"Except whom, love? Who is the fortunate exception?"

"Nobody—no one," she said, rising hastily and turning away.

"Then it is not myself?" he persisted.

"Certainly not," answered Beatrice, with emphasis "you are not in the very least like my father."

"I hope not," rejoined he dryly, a dissatisfied feeling at his heart; although he followed her, and placing his arm round her waist pressed his lips to her cold cheek.

A chill as of ice ran through her at the touch; and sliding through his arms, she caught a chair for support.

"What is the matter, dearest?" cried the Duke, in amazement.

"Nothing—nothing! I am not well—it is hot!"

"It is; let me lead you to the window." And he advanced with a quick step, but she shrank away nervously, saying,

"No, no! Don't—don't!"

"Why? Is that another superstition?"

"Yes; I suppose so. I—I—I am very silly to-day." And she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, while he stood by gloomily—the second seed of doubt and discontent germinating in his mind.

The silence lasted for several minutes; then she looked up, and becoming aware of her discourtesy, said, timidly,

"Do not be angry with me."

Carlisle started.

Never before had he been conscious of the wonderful beauty of those magnificent eyes, which now for the first time rested upon his unshrinkingly; and utterly subdued, his very soul yielding to the magical power, which, when it exists at all, exceeds any other upon earth, he sprang to her side, exclaiming in the rich tones of thirty years before,

"Forgive!—what have I to forgive? Oh, Beatrice, forgive *me!*"

Again there was silence. Then, after a while, the Duke said gently, but with real tenderness,

"You have had too much talking this morning, dearest, and need rest; but if I leave you now, you will let me come again to-day?"

"This evening."

"Not before? Well, I will not murmur, if you promise me to repose till then, so that I may be rewarded on my return with one of your old smiles."

"I will do my best, and shall be very glad to be alone and at rest."

"You shall be so. Farewell, then, until evening; its first shades will bring me."

He turned to leave the room, but hesitated an instant, then retraced his steps, and bending towards her over the low chair into which she had sank, said,

"I have your permission to tell Mrs. Stanhope that my prayer has been granted?"

Beatrice bowed her head lower, in token of the assent she could not speak.

"And you will fix with her whether it shall be the day before or after the one I suggested?"

"After—the day but one after," murmured the girl. "But, oh, it is very soon!"

"It will seem an age to me."

During almost the entire morning which followed this interview, Beatrice's wish for solitude was respected; but at length the gong sounded for luncheon, and its clang echoing upon her ear, aroused her to a sense of the singular appearance her retirement must have, and making a violent effort, she shook off the sadness which oppressed her, and went down.

In the dining-room she found her aunt and Adela, as well as Mr. Stanhope, whose presence at such an hour was most unusual. He was standing beside a window, turning over the pages of a new pamphlet, and talking rapidly to one of his colleagues, who had come up with him from Downing street.

He was evidently much interested in the subject under discussion; yet he found time to observe his niece's entrance, and nod kindly; while his wife, beckoning Beatrice towards her, kissed her fondly, and placed her at her side.

The meal passed quickly, in a clever and animated conversation between the Minister, the Secretary, and Mrs. Stanhope, who talked shrewdly and well; and when at last the gentlemen's horses were discovered being led about outside, the party broke up, and Beatrice, passing through the hall on her way up-stairs, was overtaken by Mr. Stanhope, who, tapping her on the shoulder, said,

"Come with me, Beatrice; I want to speak to you."

Then, drawing her arm affectionately in his own, he led her into his private room, and placing her in a chair, said kindly,

"The Duke of Carlisle has been with me this morning, Beatrice."

"Has he?" she said, simply.

"Yes," answered the statesman, puzzled by her manner. "He thought I was your guardian."

"And are you not?"

"No, only nominally; the will which made me so, you know, was never signed; and although I should always be ready to act as your guardian at your own desire, I have no power over you or your property. You are perfectly free."

The heiress gave a wintry smile. The word seemed a mockery. If she were free, what had her freedom brought her? what was it worth?

The Minister continued:

"But although you are free, Beatrice, I would have you employ that liberty wisely, in protecting yourself and those who may come after you, by securing the large property your father left, and placing it out of your own power to waste or give up."

"I am not extravagant, uncle. Do you fear that I shall become so?"

"No; but I would guard against the possibility; and however prudent you may be, your husband may be the reverse. The Duke is not a rich man."

"Is he not? Well, my money will be useful, then."

"You must have it settled upon yourself and children. I told him so."

"And what did he say?"

"What could he say? Consented, of course. There was nothing else to be said."

"Yes, there was."

"What?"

"That my consent had not been given, and never would be."

"Beatrice!"

"Do not be angry, uncle, but this is a subject I long ago made up my mind upon. I value myself more than my money; and whoever I consider worthy to own the one, is surely worthy to own the other."

"Is it possible you are so desperate in love?"—and Russell Stanhope looked curiously at her.

"No; and therefore I do as I do."

"Well, I see it is useless talking. May you never live to repent your obstinacy."

"I can never repent doing what I believe to be right."

And so the conversation ended; nor was the subject again renewed, nor did Mr. Stanhope ever more interfere in the matter. Like all men of the world, he was exceedingly averse to meddling in other people's business or volunteering service, and this his first experiment with Beatrice annoyed him so much, as effectually to deter him from taking any further part in her affairs. The Duke, therefore, had everything his own way; and the lawyers soon discovering it, relieved him from all annoyance on the score of his debts, knowing full well that the fortune of the bride-elect was more than sufficient to pay all claims against her husband.

Meantime the preparations for the wedding went on busily. The house was besieged, from morning till night, with tradespeople of all kinds, and every one but Beatrice and her uncle was in a perpetual whirl.

Once or twice, when appealed to by her aunt on some occasion of unusual importance—the re-setting of jewels, or the color of a dress—Beatrice had besought so earnestly to be spared discussion on the subject, that, at last, even the most zealous of her friends forbore to trouble her.

Thus time passed until the twenty-third—the eve of the wedding; and the day's oppressive heat was offered and accepted as a plea for Beatrice's almost total seclusion in her own chamber.

Faint, sick, and weary—hoping, watching, for she knew not what—craving wildly for some extraordinary accident, some miracle that should release her from the doom which was creeping nearer and nearer—Beatrice sat, or paced up and down, listening to every footstep, in the frantic hope that even now she might have news from Shirley—that something might have happened there, upon that terrible yesterday, which had been a blank to her, by favor of which she might escape the to-morrow on which she dare not look.

Yet hour after hour passed, and nothing came; the bustle continued below, but approached not her chamber; until at last, when the evening shadows fell, a sharp ring echoed through the house, and hasty steps came towards her door.

She sprang eagerly, breathlessly to her feet—her hands clasped tightly—a red spot, like a star, burning on each cheek—her voice so husky that she scarcely heard it as she answered "Come in!" to the loud knock upon the door, which, being thrown widely open, admitted—not a messenger or letter from Shirley—but the milliner's train bringing her wedding-dress.

Reeling back, as if she had been stricken with a heavy blow, Beatrice turned away; nor could all her aunt's gay encomiums (forced though they were,) the dressmaker's admiration of her work and its wearer, or Adela's enthusiasm, rouse the poor girl to more than the faintest smile, as, sadly against her will, the magnificent robe was tried on.

By and by, however, the task was over, and Beatrice once more alone. Then night came down upon the weary, heated earth; and Susan, creeping in, undressed her mistress without a word, laid her in bed, exchanged one long, fervent kiss, and left her.

An hour after, the girl rose, opened the windows, for the heat was intense, and leaned out; but as she did so, a flash of blue lightning played before her eyes, and a roll of thunder muttered angrily in the distance.

Flash after flash, peal after peal, followed, and the storm was soon at its height, and for more than two hours raged with ungoverned fury; then it subsided, the rain ceased, and the first faint streak of morning stole up over the east.

The dawn of the wedding-day had arrived.

Yes, alas! for the sad watcher there was no mistaking the rosy tints which, mounting higher and higher into the heavens, drove before them the lowering storm-clouds, until they fell, huddled together in a sullen mass, on the western horizon; while the clear blue sky, with its crimson glow, and soft mist of sunrise, spread radiantly over the house-tops.

Even there, in London, the air blew strangely fresh and pure; and countrymen coming in with their carts, or carriers' vans with their freight of rustic passengers, paused now and then on the long bridges, and gazed with wistful awe upon the great city, sleeping so quietly under the glowing canopy above: the broad dome of St. Paul's rising silently over the dark houses, like the beacon tower of some enchanted fortress, which, called into existence by a magic spell, had, by another exertion of the same power, sank down suddenly into silence and death; for, to a cursory glance, no life-throe was seen to stir the strong pulse of the mighty town, giving sign or token of the many aching, suffering, panting hearts, which, restless in their pain, watched the day dawn slowly over roofs, chimneys, streets, and bridges.

To some of these sad ones, prepared by long chastening for a blessed release, the day that was coming was the last which, in all probability, would intervene between them and rest, and so they welcomed its herald joyfully; but to Beatrice, so far from bringing rest, it seemed but as the opening of an interminable life of woe, before which her spirit shrank, and she turned sorrowfully from the window, and watched the dawn no longer.

Presently the house, like the surrounding city, awoke, and the business of life began again.

Wedding guests arrived—carriages thronged the street—the last trunk and imperials were packed—the last touches given to the bride's faultless attire—and at the appointed moment the bridal cortege set forth.

Dear reader, do you wish me to tell you all particulars of the silks, lace, and embroidery—all the flowers and gems that graced the toilettes which surrounded the hapless bride? If so, I can but refer you to the last number of our respected contemporary, the Court Journal, beg you to choose thence the costumes most suited to your fancy, and deck with them the statue-like figure and breaking heart of my unhappy heroine, as well as the gay forms of her fair attendants, and then picture the former to yourself as, resting heavily on the arm of her guardian, she walked up the aisle of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Slowly—very slowly—she has passed on to the altar, seeing, hearing, feeling nothing distinctly—her eyes fixed upon the ground—her nerveless figure moving like one in a dream—heedless even of her bridegroom, of whose presence, indeed, she was unmindful, as of everything else.

With a wondering pity the pew-opener drew a hassock from her path, the old clerk peered over his spectacles, and the courtly minister himself—a bishop who had consented to officiate on the occasion—bent forward to Mr. Stanhope, and asked, in a hushed voice, "Is she ill?"

Then it was that under the guise of a tender solicitude, Ada glided up to her niece's side, and said, in a deep whisper,

"For heaven's sake, arouse yourself, Beatrice; this manner will excite the most dangerous remarks."

The girl raised her eyes quickly—the first impulsive movement she had made all day,—drew herself slightly up, and walked forth steadily, a faint tinge of pink coloring her marble features.

Somehow or other (nobody but the officials knowing very well how,) the parties were all properly placed at last, and then the ceremony began; every faculty of Beatrice's mind having awakened to intense life, as she listened to the opening address. But when the bishop, in a grave and solemn tone, made the usual demand, "I require and charge you both, as ye shall answer at the dreadful judgment day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it," she became ghastly pale: her teeth chattered as with cold, and a convulsive tremor ran through her frame; but the emotion passed unnoticed by all but the bridegroom, whose jealous suspicions, first awakened by Ada's unfortunate efforts to bespeak his kindness for her niece, under all circumstances, had been strengthened by an anonymous letter, which he had received that morning, and were now confirmed by the girl's singular manner.

A moment's pause for consideration, and the clergyman proceeded, while his Grace of Carlisle—for the nonce, plain Lionel Gresham—took his bride's hand in his, and there, before heaven and earth, in the most solemn place, and most solemn manner, uttered the most solemn promise and oath that words could form, knowing well in his own mind that to-morrow, aye, and every other day, until Death, the merciful, should part them, he should *not* love, cherish, or protect the young girl at his side.

While she, on her part, queen of that glittering pageant vowed to love, honor, and obey a man whom she feared, shrank from, and dreaded.

And then, wholly unconscious of this horrible under current below the smooth looking stream, the bishop breathed over the ill-assorted pair the holy words of God's blessing and favor, ratifying the bond which made Lionel Gresham and Beatrice Lyle one.

The ceremony ended, the party went into the vestry, congratulations, compliments, and good wishes resounded on all sides in a buzz of many voices and many words.

The bridegroom kissed the bride courteously, although he was conscious that she trembled under his touch; then he stood by with a darkened brow, while her guardian and his groom's man gaily claimed their time honored privilege; and his scowl deepened as the haunting fancy struck him that she shrank not from Lord Halcombe's lips as she had done from his.

It was but a passing thought, wild as fleeting, yet under its influence he took his new-made wife by the hand, and drawing her arm through his own, led her sternly back through the church, thus abruptly bringing the scene to a close—a proceeding which evoked meaning smiles from some of the party, frowns and shrugs from others, and gossip from all, as, re-entering the carriages, the cortege returned to Portland Place.

For the breakfast that followed, sumptuous, graceful, and joyous, a perfect miracle of nature and art, I must again refer those of my readers who are curious in such matters to the old authority—or, better still, to Gunter's order-book; for I myself was unfortunately not present—neither was she, the young bride, whose fortunes I am chronicling.

No; strange as it may seem, and horribly as the wedding guests were scandalized, the Duke, upon arriving at Mr. Stanhope's, requested his wife to change her dress immediately, and prepare to start at once; alleging, as a reason for such an unusual proceeding, the lateness of the hour, and necessity for his speedy arrival in Paris.

Without a word of remonstrance, Beatrice obeyed, and returning quickly, found her husband waiting for her at the foot of the stairs.

Uttering a short phrase of thanks for the speed she had made, he once more placed her arm within his own, in order, as it seemed, to give her support in the approaching encounter, when friends, young and old, gathered round her, crying,

"Beatrice! Duchess! why are you in such haste? Do not go so soon; we cannot part with you yet."

Blushing and embarrassed, the bride turned to her husband, and he, with his courtliest smile and bow, answered for her, saying,

"Ladies and gentlemen—my wife's friends and my own—I thank you, both in her name and mine, for the flattering solicitude you express; and while I lament its necessity, must pray you to pardon our abrupt departure. My business in Paris is of so urgent a nature as to forbid an hour's delay; relays of horses are in waiting, and it is only by using the greatest exertion that we can reach Dover to-night in time for the mail-packet. I have, therefore, no choice but to go. Meanwhile, I venture to hope that my good friend"—his lip curled and his eye flashed—"Lord Halcombe will kindly respond to all good wishes on my behalf. Now, madam,"—bending to his wife "if your adieus are made, permit me to remind you that the carriage waits."

In consternation and dismay, the bride looked timidly round, to read surprise, displeasure, and foreboding depicted upon every countenance: but none dared to interfere farther; for had not the new-made master a right to do as he would with his own? Was she not "his goods, his chattels, his household stuff?" So the guests made no further remonstrance, only offered the young Duchess their congratulations, wished her every happiness, and after a few tame and forced common-places, the peer led her away.

In the hall, a few moments' delay arose in placing the luggage. The servants, unwilling to leave the festivities, had not been as speedy in their movements as their master; and the Duke, seizing the opportunity, resigned Beatrice for an instant to her uncle's charge; and feigning anxiety about a dressing-case, followed Ada into the library, and drawing a sealed packet from his pocket, placed it in her hands, saying, harshly,

"There is the price for which you have sold your niece. Prize it—you have the best of the bargain."

"How? What do you mean?" she asked in alarm, terrified as much by his manner as his words.

"What I say. Every one is likely to repent this day's work but you. By heaven!" and he stamped his foot fiercely—"I might have known that bad blood is hereditary, and that vice runs in families, as madness does. Fool, fool that I was to be duped! When was the dove ever found in the kite's nest?"

"Your Grace speaks in riddles," answered Mrs. Stanhope, indignantly. "I am at a loss to understand you."

"No doubt, your innocence is extraordinary; as those letters,"—and he pointed with a sneer to the packet—"will prove."

Before Ada could reply, a servant entered to say that the carriage was ready; and rushing out, Carlisle made rapid farewell speeches to all around—threw a large cheque into the hands of the obsequious steward who stood by, in order that proper largesse should be given to the whole establishment—and then sprang into the exquisitely appointed chariot. The door closed upon him, and without further delay the Duke and Duchess set off on their wedding tour. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ABOUT THE SLEEP OF CHILDREN.

One of the first rhyming couplets learned by most of us, was: "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." This sounds plausible, and if the whole couplet were followed, it would be all well enough; but the practice is: go to bed *late*, and get up *early*. An abundance of sound sleep is very important to the physical and mental health of children. While under the age of six years, 11 hours of sound sleep should be taken by them every night; from six to twelve years of age, 10 hours are needed; and from twelve to the full growth of the body, not less than 9 hours of sleep are absolutely necessary. After that period, 8 hours may answer, though 9 are better.

A sure recipe for securing restless sleep, and the "kicking off" of the bed covers, is to allow children, or grown-up people even, to eat hearty suppers. A light diet of bread and milk, say a cup full—not a great bowl full—is all that a child needs, and all it should have after dinner. Give them this at 5 o'clock, P. M., and accustom them to go to bed invariably at 6 to 6½ o'clock, summer and winter, and they will sleep soundly during all the evening and through the night. After the age of three, it is better not to accustom children to sleep during the day. Then, by making it an invariable rule for them to go to bed at 6 or 6½ P. M., they will quickly drop to sleep. Were there no considerations of health, the *convenience* of having children "out of the way" during the evening, would be a sufficient inducement to this plan. We repeat that it is perfectly easy to accustom children to this,—if the rule be adhered to. We speak from successful experience, as well as from observation.

Rocking, or carrying, or singing even an infant child to sleep, induces one of the worst habits you can teach it. Put an infant in a bed or a crib, and let it lie there until it cries itself to sleep, even if it does sob for an hour or two, and in a very few days it will go into a quiet slumber quite as quickly as if shaken in the arms, or in a cradle. The truth is, few mothers or nurses have the courage or patience to endure the crying for the first few trials required, and so they go on slaves for years. If a child wakens, do not take it up or make the slightest effort to soothe it, or you will soon inculcate a bad and needless habit. Let it lie—if it cries, no matter how hard—nerve yourself against any interference, and it will soon cease to expect aid or caresses. If a bad habit has already been formed, it will require longer and more persevering efforts to break it up, but it can always be done. Try our recommendations, mothers, and you will find them valuable, and will save yourselves a world of care, and lengthen your days, and promote the health of your little ones.—*American Agriculturist.*

NEW YORK EXHUMED.

Being an editorial of the *Australian Demi-Hourly Detonator*, of 4, P. M., April 1st, 2861. Copied from "advance sheets" by the ghost of Ben Franklin, and communicated through a "writing medium."

"We mentioned, some weeks since, the preparations for exhuming the ancient city of New York. We have since published frequent telegrams by our private and exclusive sub-oceanic cable, communicating the progress of the enterprise. We are now in receipt of letters from our own special correspondent on the spot, by our new steam-balloon Twinkler, after an unprecedentedly short trip of twenty-three hours, fifty-nine and three-fourths minutes, enabling us to present our five million readers, in advance of all our envious cotemporaries, the details of many interesting discoveries.

"At the beginning of the year of Grace, 1861 (which a short mathematical process shows to have been just a thousand years ago), New York was the chief city of the Western Continent. She was renowned for the frugality of her citizens, the modesty of her youth, the honesty of her financiers, the disinterested patriotism of her politicians, and the incorruptible integrity of her public officers.

"In June of that year, the terrible visitor, known to astronomers as the Merriam comet, was discovered by the distinguished philosopher of Brooklyn Heights. The catastrophe of the following Fourth of July is familiar to all readers of history.

"The comet approached New York. As soon as her atmosphere came in contact with that of the earth, the former, by some chemical affinity, burst into a conflagration that extended instantaneously throughout the vast extent of her train. At the same moment, the nucleus, which was plainly visible as an opaque mass of insignificant dimensions, exploded. A shower of mud began to fall, which continued for twenty-four hours. At its conclusion, Manhattan Island and the adjacent regions had disappeared, New York Bay was filled up, the Hudson River had become a tributary to the Hackensack, and over so much buried wealth and magnificence, extended a bare, flat, unsightly mountain, several hundred feet in height.

"The disruption of the American Union into seventeen belligerent confederacies, and the protracted wars which resulted therefrom, and which have been terminated only during the present century by the subjugation of all the States under the despotism of New Jersey, prevented any successful attempt to penetrate beneath that mountain.—The accomplishment of the task has been reserved for the enterprise of the present age.

"We have chronicled the obstacles thrown in its way by the semi-barbarous government of New Jersey, and the removal of those obstacles on the payment of certain moneys to the Directors of the New Jersey railroads. We have also described McGrubb's Patent Steam Excavator, which, as a bore, is equivalent to several thousand men.

"At the beginning of the present month the Excavator was set at work. After penetrating nearly five hundred feet through a compact stratum, liberally intermixed with fossil shells resembling those of the oyster, a numerous community of which bivalves must have inhabited the exploded comet, the cornice of a building was struck. This proved to be the City Hall. It was found entire, although it is well known that by a peculiar custom of the city, its combustible portions used to be made a bonfire of, on occasions of public rejoicing.

"In one of its rooms was a table covered with earthen-ware dishes, and bottles labelled 'Borbon Whiskey.' Beside them lay a restaurateur's bill for liquors and ham-sandwiches. This was probably the remains of a collation served up by the city authorities to the Grand Vizier of Turkey, who visited New York soon after its secession, to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance between the Sultan and the Mayor. This supposition was suggested by the discovery of several turbans and a Koran strewed on the floor, where they were probably dropped in the hasty departure.

"At a short distance from the principal entrance, a statue of brown stone was discovered. Its features are those of Washington, but its expression is lugubrious in the extreme. It is supposed to represent the Father of his Country, taking, Macbeth like, a prophetic view of his Presidential successors. Hence the disgust.

"The excavation being continued down Nassau street, numerous newspaper offices were soon discovered, containing files of the leading New York journals. Our correspondent has forwarded us copies of the last edition of the New York Herald, Tribune, Times and World. The following are brief extracts from their editorials.

"*From the Herald.*—'As was first predicted in the Herald, the Comet will arrive to-day. Like other foreigners, profoundly ignorant of the existence of such provincial towns as Boston and Philadelphia, it comes directly to the metropolis. Our citizens, not knowing how to regard the intended honor, have taken a hasty departure.

"'Not being easily frightened, we shall remain to welcome the Comet. Immediately on its arrival, we shall issue an extra, giving a full account of the event.

"'P. S. We have decided to take a holiday. No advertisements will be received at this office to-day.'

"*From the Tribune.*—'As was first predicted in the Tribune, the irrepressible Comet, weighing millions of tuns, is upon us! It comes from its giddy Hight to make this world a theater of confusion. Whether it will be a more confused affair than the despicable *World* of Park Row, is doubtful.'

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"*From the Times.*—'As was first announced in a special despatch to the Times, the Comet will reach New York to-day!' * *

"*From the World.*—'As was first predicted by the World, the Comet, Providence permitting, will arrive to-day!'" * *

An entire page of each of these journals is occupied with a reiteration of the advice "Buy the New York Ledger," and the names of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Edward Everett, and other leading writers of ancient light literature.

"Our correspondent says: 'During the excavation in Nassau street, a very singular circumstance occurred. The workmen heard strange sounds beneath them. On reaching the pavement, they unearthed a figure with a glaring gray eye, grizzly beard, and rusty apparel. No sooner was it uncovered than it stalked forth shouting "'*Four-and-twenty Self Sealing Envelopes, Fo-our Cents!*'" in such sonorous and appalling tones, that they beat a hasty retreat.

"We must be permitted to doubt.

"From Nassau, the excavation was extended into Wall street, the financial centre of the ancient city, in the natural expectation of finding treasures there. The diggers were disappointed. Nothing more valuable was unearthed than government bonds and certificates of stock in railroads, mines, etc., long since bankrupt. The absence of money may be accounted for by the general exodus of government, and bank officials to foreign parts, that took place before the catastrophe.

"The machine being now headed up Broadway, accomplished a distance of three miles in as many hours.

"A short distance above Wall street was found the Museum of the immortal Barnum. Its contents abundantly attest the colossal intellect of their inventor, and his right to the rank accorded him by history—of the representative man of his age and city.

"No general description can be given of the architecture of Broadway—every variety of style and want of style abounding. The aim of each architect seems to have been to overtop and eclipse the adjoining building.

"The theatres present, in point of taste, a favorable contrast to the specimens of dramatic composition which have come down to us from that age and locality. The Churches are mostly elegant structures, fitted up with devout regard to the comfort of the worshippers. The hotels, however, are especially remarkable for magnitude and magnificence; and with reason. The hotel was to the New Yorker the most important and characteristic of institutions. It was his favorite place of abode, his resort to meet friends, and he was wont to take most of his liquid sustenance at its bar. On all important occasions, such as a political triumph or defeat, the birth-day of a great man, or the arrival of a distinguished politician, pugilist, or chess-player, he would repair to the hotel, and manifest his emotions by sitting down to a public dinner.

"The shops were filled with merchandise, of which we must defer our description. The jewelry is mostly plated, or of oreide, and was sold at the uniform price of one dollar. Vast quantities of large conical structures of wire work were found—supposed at first to be tent-frames, or other military contrivances, but declared by Prof. Lichard to have been the most essential article of feminine wearing apparel! The hats of the nineteenth century are also great curiosities. The cause of medical science has been greatly subserved by the unearthing of immense quantities of the wonderful patent-medicines, from the sale of which New York made so large a share of her wealth.

"Large quantities of wines and liquors were found in the hotels and numerous other depositories along Broadway. Excellent as these beverages must have been originally—and it is known that New Yorkers were proficients in their manufacture—they are doubtless greatly improved by age. The parties engaged in the excavation carefully made trial of these liquids as they arrived at each successive deposit. The result has unfortunately been a general incapacitation for business, and the breaking of the machine. We suspect that our correspondent has carried his usual zeal into this department of investigation, as the latter portion of his communication is curiously obscure and disconnected, and finally comes to an abrupt termination."—*Vanity Fair.*

Silence of Nature.—It is a remarkable and very instructive fact that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with light, as one bright wave over another falls from the fountain, millions of millions of miles away. There is no creaking of axles or groaning of cumbrous machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions.—The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to blossoms and fruits and the sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and its unceasing voices, the roar of the hurricane, and the mighty river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive.

☞ When Voltaire was on his death-bed, many visitors called—all of whom were denied entrance to his chamber. Among them was a Reverend Monsieur Chapeau, who came to offer the consolations of the church. When his name was announced by the servant, Voltaire said, "I came into the world *bareheaded*, and I shall leave it without a *chapeau!*"

☞ It is a strange way of showing our humble reverence and love for the Creator, to be perpetually condemning and reviling everything that He has created.

BEAUTY'S ORDERS.

Three knights are bent at Laura's knee,
And each his suit prefers;
But all unmoved will Laura be
To pay their love with hers.
"Away," she cries, "o'er sea and land,
Your deeds throughout a year,
Shall prove who best deserves a hand
He vows to prize so dear."
Now, 'tis a duty,
I have heard,
To take a Beauty,
At her word.

The first went forth with lance in rest,
And many a foeman found;
But proud as waved that foeman's crest,
Its plumage kissed the ground.
The next unmoored a gallant bark,
And wooed a favoring breeze;
He chased each pirate banner dark,
And swept it from the seas.
For 'tis a duty,
I have heard,
To take a Beauty,
At her word.

The third, nor bark, nor sail took he,
Nor lance in rest he laid;
But daily swore, at Laura's knee,
That love his parting stayed.
And when their year of trial ceased,
Two champions homeward hied,
In time to grace a marriage feast,
To greet a rival's bride.
Still, 'tis a duty,
I have heard,
To take a Beauty,
At her word.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

THE TITLE OF QUEEN.

It is curious that in English we have no feminine terms to correspond with the title of "king," although the Latin has *Regina*, the French *Reine*, and the German *Konigin*. The term "queen" is a generic term, and simply means "a companion." Indeed, originally it was applied to both sexes, and was employed to signify the word "companions" of the prince, just as the Latin word *comes*, and the French *comte*. The omission of any feminine form of the word "king," is of course to be referred to a leading feature of the ancient law of the land in the Anglo-Saxon times. Among the West Saxons we are told that there was a regulation, whether written or unwritten we do not know, which forbade the wife of a king to take any title implying sovereignty, or even to sit on a throne by her husband's side; and, what is more, it was ordained that any king who should contravene this ancient custom, should be deprived of the rights of Royalty, and that his subjects should be set free from their oath of allegiance to him. History shows that this custom was rigorously enforced. Ethelwolf, having sought to give a Royal title to his wife, the daughter of Charles the Bald, was deprived of the crown, and obliged to hand it over to Ethelbald, his son by a former marriage; and the further search into the records of Anglo-Saxon times would no doubt bring other instances to our reader's recollection. In this respect we must own that we think the Norman preferable to the Saxon regulation; and our own admission, not only of Queens-consort, but of queens-regent, shows how great is the advance made in the condition of the fair sex in the last thousand years.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

In all the varied collection of coins and medals which the munificence of the Government has secured for the cabinet of the U. S. Mint, commemorating as they do nationalities and dynasties long since swept from the earth, as well as principalities and powers that still have a living fame and active existence; and recalling, as they do, so much of history and biography as to bewilder the mind of the beholder, there is *one* object which, above all others, interests the visitor.

At a small *case* near the entrance, which contains, among other curiosities, the ancient Jewish coins, the stranger has his curiosity awakened by observing the earnest and eager, but suppressed inquiries of some, and the contemplative sadness of others whilst directing their attention to a very ancient looking and diminutive object labelled "The Widow's Mite."

"It is the smallest of copper coins, its metallic value being scarcely one-tenth of our *cent*, yet, from the associations and reflections to which its name gives rise, as well as from its rareness, it is valued beyond price; or, to use the words of the official in attendance, "No money would buy it."

The printed slip attached, which gives its name, states that it was found in the ruins of Jerusalem, but does not inform us whether there are any other specimens of the coin extant, or whether this is the only remaining evidence of the existence of a description of money, two pieces of which once constituted the whole wealth of a pious but destitute daughter of Israel.—*A. S. Standard.*

☞ Bulwer's knowledge of human nature is frequently apparent, even in his little incidental observations scattered through his novels. "The more unceasing a man's attentions to a woman," he says, "the surer is he in the end of winning her favor. No woman can long be insensible to a delicate and continued devotion. Though she may at first dislike, she will eventually 'endure, then pity, then embrace.'"

☞ Men are rejected by women every day because they (the men) love them, and accepted every day because they do not, and therefore can study the arts of pleasing.

☞ When the lofty palm of Zeilan puts forth its flower, the sheath bursts with a report which echoes through the forest; but thousands of other plants of equal beauty open in the morning, and the very dew-drops hear no sound; so many souls blossom into grace, and the world hears neither whirlwind nor moral hurricane.

☞ A Silver Nose.—A buxom dame lately sued in a London Court for divorce on the ground that her husband was objectionable because he wore a silver nose.

A MOORISH LEGEND.

A Spanish Moor, being on the eve of setting out on a pilgrimage to Mecca, intrusted all his money to a man who had hitherto borne a reputation of unblemished probity. His fortune consisted of two thousand besants. On his return, he was not a little surprised when the reputed honest man denied all knowledge of himself or his money. The pilgrim entered a complaint against him, entreated the judge to help him to his property, and took his oath on the truth of his statement—but all in vain! The old man's good name outweighed all he could say; the plaintiff was non-suited, and went away in despair.

Presently he met an old woman, who was toddling along with the help of a staff. Touched by the stranger's grief, she stopped him, hailed him in Allah's name, bid him take heart, and having listened to his unvarnished tale, said:

"Be of good cheer, young man; maybe, with Allah's aid, I shall get back your gold. Do you buy a chest, and fill it with sand or mould; only let it be bound with iron, and well locked. Then choose three or four discreet men, and come to me. We shall succeed, never fear.

The Spanish Moor followed her advice punctually. He came with four friends, bringing a chest which the strongest porters could scarcely drag along.

"Now follow me," said the old woman.

On reaching the door of the supposed honest man, she went in with the Spaniard's four friends, bidding the latter wait below, and not make his appearance until the chest had been carried up stairs.

She now stood in the presence of the hypocrite, when she introduced her four companions, saying,

"Behold! Here are some honest Spaniards, about to make a pilgrimage to Egypt. Their treasures are boundless. They possess, among other things, ten chests full of gold and silver, that they know not where to stow away just at present. They would entrust them to safe hands for a time; so I, well knowing your honesty and unsullied reputation, have brought them hither. Pray fulfil their wishes."

Meanwhile she had the heavy chest brought in, which the pretended honest man gloated over with greedy looks. But just then the despoiled pilgrim rushed in, impetuously claiming back his two thousand besants. The faithless depository was frightened; and lest the young man should reproach him with his treachery in presence of the strangers, who would then take their chest with its untold treasures, which he had already determined to appropriate to himself, he cried out to the Moor,

"Be welcome! I was almost fearing you would never come back, and was puzzled what I should do with the two thousand besants. Allah be praised! who has brought you back safe! Here is what belongs to you."

The Spanish Moor went away with his treasure as triumphant as though he were carrying off so much booty. The old woman begged the master of the house to put this first chest in a safe place, while she went and ordered the rest to be sent. She then sheered off with her four companions, and of course never returned.

THE DEATH OF WARREN.

On the day of that memorable engagement at Bunker Hill, General Joseph Warren, then in the prime of life, joined the American ranks as a volunteer.

"Tell me where I can be useful," said he, addressing General Putnam.

"On to the redoubt," was the reply; "you will there be covered."

"I came not to be covered," returned Warren; "tell me where I shall be in most danger—tell me where the action will be the hottest."

At the meeting of the Committee of Safety, previous to the battle, his friends earnestly strove to dissuade him from exposing his person.

"I know there is danger," replied Warren, "but who does not think it sweet to die for his country?"

When Colonel Prescott gave the order to retreat, Warren's desperate courage forbade him to obey. He lingered last in the redoubt, and was slowly retreating, when a British officer called on him to surrender. Warren proudly turned his face to the foe, received a fatal shot in the forehead, and fell dead in the trenches.

Meanness the Secret of Great Wealth.—The late John Jacob Astor had a brother not so well known as himself, but who possessed in an eminent degree the peculiar characteristic of the family—the art of making money. It is told of him by an old New Yorker, that intending to operate upon the feelings of an acquaintance of whom he was about to make some purchases, he gave to the son of the latter, who was playing about the store entrance, a bright penny. The trade concluded, he said to the little fellow: "Johnny, you've played mit the penny long enough; give it back to me." This is said to be a positive fact.

☞ The common elder bush of our country is a great safeguard against the devastations of insects. If any one will notice, it will be found that insects never touch the elder. The leaves of the elder, scattered over cabbages, cucumbers, squashes, and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shield them.

☞ Thackeray has become rich, keeps his carriage, and gives large entertainments.—Oliphant is Consul-General in Japan, Crowe is in the same capacity at Leipsic, and Tom Taylor has a fat Secretaryship at home.—Literature is getting to be a ladder of some height.

☞ What proof have we there was sewing in the time of David? We read he was *hemmed* in on every side.

☞ If your watch is snatched from you in the streets, probably the best thing you can do is to raise the cry of "watch! watch!"

WARLIKE RUMORS.

We have an immense number of rumors from Washington and New York relative to the course of the Administration.

There appears to be no doubt that unusual activity prevails in the Army and Navy—and that several vessels have recently sailed with sealed orders.

The weight of evidence rather inclines against the opinion that an attempt is to be made to reinforce Fort Sumter—though a recent letter from one of the soldiers states that nobody knows how many men they have, that they are provisioned for four months, and ready for a fight if the President will stand by them.

It seems to be very probable, however, that Fort Pickens either has been already or will be soon reinforced—and perhaps Sumter too.

On the other hand, the N. Y. Post says:—

We have learned, from a source on which we place the utmost reliance, that a committee of leading Virginian politicians have had an interview with the President and the Secretary of State, and were assured, in the most positive manner, that the President contemplated no hostile movements, and that as to collecting the revenue, he should not attempt it, for the simple reason that Congress had withheld from him the power to do it. The gentlemen returned to Richmond with these assurances. Other accounts say they got no satisfaction.

The *Post*, however, says that it is rumored that the government agents who were sent to England and France have returned, and report that both governments will set their faces against the Southern Confederacy, and in no manner recognize or assist it; and that the President and his Cabinet have determined to take immediate and vigorous measures for the enforcement of the laws at all hazards.

The mail steamship Baltic, of the Collins line of steamships, and the Ariel of the Vanderbilt line, two of the fastest American steamers afloat, have been chartered by the United States Government to transport troops under sealed orders for some destination unknown. The Baltic will carry Captain Barry's company of flying artillery numbering one hundred horses and ninety men, while the Ariel will accommodate seven or eight companies of infantry and marines.

It is thought that the mission of the Pawnee is to visit Charleston harbor and bring away Major Anderson and his men.

There are now 2,658 United States troops at the New York station.

Large quantities of army stores were shipped on board the steamship Atlantic, which is about to sail with 900 men on board. What occasions the greatest conjecture is the 500 stalls for horses which have been put on deck. The Atlantic cleared for Brazos, and the provision for horses would seem to lend a plausibility to the belief that that is her destination.

Authentic assurances have been given to the Government at Washington that the Home Government of Spain has not authorized the movement against St. Domingo, which was the act alone of the Governor-General of Cuba.

It is well understood at Washington that the main reason why the secessionists press so urgently the withdrawal of the garrison from Sumter is that the evacuation of that fort will enable them to send to Pensacola the forces now kept at Charleston. To evacuate Sumter, therefore, is to increase by several thousand men the means for the attack on Fort Pickens. In a strategic point of view, therefore, it is important to hold Fort Sumter.

No orders, it is said, have been issued to blockade the Southern ports. There has been no diversion of imports to the South, which in any way affects the revenue.

The New Loan.—The entire amount of bids for the new eight million loan reaches over thirty-three millions; the bids range from 90a95, being a considerable advance on the late loan of ex-Secretary Dix. The Bank of Commerce, New York, it is understood, gets two millions and a half at 94. Nothing below 94 will be taken—the amount at and above that rate is three million one hundred thousand. This is an improvement over the last loan, when the bids were 3½ per cent. lower, and nothing like as much offered. The bankers offer now to take the whole loan at 94, but the Secretary holds off. He will probably issue Treasury notes.

Sumter Besieged.—General Beauregard notified Major Anderson on Sunday, the 7th, that all postal facilities and supplies were prohibited from that date. This may be considered the beginning of hostile action against the fort.

It is Said.—It is said that Corwin, who departs at once for Mexico, has declared publicly that "war is at hand."

The European Markets.—The advices by the Canadian, to March 29th, give a decline of ⅛d in Cotton, and Flour dull. Corn has declined 3d.

☞ "You'll kill yourself smoking so much, husband." "Indeed, wife, I must use the weed." "Oh, very well, I guess I shall have occasion for weeds myself pretty soon."

☞ We never knew a man to die of love certainly; but we have known an 160 lbs. man go down to 120 lbs. under a disappointed passion, so that a quarter of him may be said to have perished.

☞ Diverting Dialogue.—"Mamma, can a door speak?"

"Certainly not, my love."

"Then why did you tell Annie, this morning, to answer the door?"

"It is time for you to go to school, dear."

☞ There is no race, no matter how rude, without some natural instinct, some involuntary recognition of individual right. Everywhere too, there is an instinctive knowledge of a Supreme Being and of a future life. There are general resemblances in the beginnings of religious worship, law and literature. And in all countries there are the same passions and appetites. All make use of stimulants and narcotics. All dance, all smoke, drink, and use certain forms of profane language.—*Bayard Taylor.*

☞ Alfred the Great was formerly considered the inventor of the trial by jury, but later investigations appear to show that the custom of deciding disputes by referring them to twelve disinterested men was in vogue long before Alfred's day. The probability is that Alfred regulated and legalized an institution which was already rooted in the habits and affections of the people.

☞ It is an evil thing needlessly to cause a human being pain, but it is a fearful thing to inflict it on a creature that cannot speak, for it must be that there is always somewhere a tongue to tell, a mysterious witness to bear testimony.

☞ The newest definition of "hard times" is—sitting on a grindstone and reading a politician's speech.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

Rhode Island.—Sprague (Dem.) is re-elected by a large majority. The Democrats have also elected the two members of Congress—being a gain of two. Dem. majority 1,600—last year (Gov. election) 1,200

Connecticut.—The Republicans have carried the State by about 1,500 majority. They lose, however, two of the four members of Congress.

Town Elections.—The Unconditional and "Anti-Black Republican" ticket is elected in St. Louis, (Mo.,) by from 2,000 to 3,000 majority. In Cincinnati, (Ohio,) the Democratic Union ticket had about 4,000 majority. The Democrats have also carried Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio, and Rome and Elmira, New York. Portland, Maine, has been carried by the Republicans. In Richmond, (Va.,) the Union candidate was defeated by 1,000 majority.

A recent election for District Judges in New Orleans, resulted in favor of the South American opposition by a large majority.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks of Flour are moderate for the season. Prices 12½@25c ꝑ bbl better than last week. Sales reach some 10,000 bbls, mostly taken for shipment, in lots at $5,25@5,50 for superfine, the latter for good straight City mills, which is now higher; $5,37½@5,81¼ for common to good and from $5,62½ up to $6 ꝑ bbl for extra family, as to brand. The market firm at $5,37½@5,56 for common and good superfine. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent, within the above range of prices for superfine, extras and extra family, and from $6,25 to $7 ꝑ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are rather more plenty, and dull; the former sells slowly at $3,37½@3,62½ for common and better brands. Of the latter we note sales of about 600 bbls Pennsylvania Meal at $2,81¼ ꝑ barrel.

GRAIN—The grain market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices are 2@3c better again this week, with sales of 38,000 bushels to note, mostly taken for shipment, at from $1,30 to $1,35 for Reds, the latter for choice Pennsylvanian and Southern, in store and afloat; and White, in lots, at from $1,35@1,55, as in quality. Choice lots are very scarce, and command full prices. Rye is better, and all offered, some 5,000 bushels Pennsylvania and North River, sold at 68@70c, closing in demand at the latter rate. Corn is also rather better, and about 45,000 bushels, mostly new Southern Yellow, sold at 58@60c, in the cars and in store, and 61@62c afloat. Some inferior, included in the above, sold at 50@57c; white at 63@65c, and old Yellow at 60@62c. Oats are in fair request and steady, with further sales of 20,000 bushels to note at 32@32½c for Pennsylvania, chiefly at the former rate, and 30@32c for Southern, as in quality. Barley is quiet, and prime New York has been selling in lots at 77@78c. Barley Malt is quiet.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally, is very inactive; about 600 bbls Pork sold at $17@17,25 for thin and heavy Mess, and $13,25 for Rump, mostly cash. Beef is selling in a small way at $12@14 ꝑ bbl for city Mess. Of Bacon the sales have been limited at 11@12½c for plain and fancy Hams; 10@10¼c for Sides, and 8@8¼c for Shoulders, cash and 60 days, mostly to go South. Green Meats are steady but quiet at 6¾@7c for Shoulders; 8¾@9c for Sides in salt, and 8@9½c for Hams in salt and pickle, cash and time. Of Lard some further sales, in all 1200 pcks, are reported at 9¾@10c for tcs and bbls and 11@11¼c for kegs, usual terms. Butter moves off as wanted at 12@14c for Roll, the latter for prime, and 9@10c for packed. Cheese is steady at 9½@10½c ꝑ ℔, and Eggs at 12@13c ꝑ doz.

COTTON—The stocks and receipts continue light; sales reach some 950 bales, in lots, at from 10½c to 14⅝c, cash and 4 mos, including middling and middling fair Uplands, the former at 12¼@12½c, and the latter at 13½@13⅝c, cash.

ASHES—The market is firm but quiet at quotations.

BARK—There is some little inquiry for Quercitron, with further sales of 100 hhds at $25@25,50 for 1st No 1, which is an advance. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark worthy of notice.

BEESWAX is wanted, and good Yellow readily commands 32c ꝑ ℔.

COAL—Orders come in more freely; the opening prices, however, are not yet fairly established, and the market is inactive for the season.

COFFEE—The market is firmer and rather more active, and nearly all the recent arrivals have been disposed of at full prices. Sales reach 7000 bags, mostly Rio, including two entire cargoes, 4250 bags, at from 11c to 13½c, and Laguayra, in lots, at 13¾@14⅝c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER continues dull, and the prices of both Sheathing and Yellow Metal are nearly nominal.

FRUIT is dull and neglected, and no large sales of Dried Apples and Peaches have been reported. 750 bags North Carolina Peanuts sold at $1,25 ꝑ bus, bags 10c extra.

FEATHERS continue dull, and a small business only to notice at 45@47c ꝑ ℔, for good lots.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue light at the decline, prices ranging at 20@25c for new crop Eastern and Western. The stock is moderate, and old Hops very dull.

IRON—Holders of Pig Metal are firm in their views. We quote Anthracite No 1 at $21@22; No 2 at $20@21, and No 3 at $18@20 ꝑ ton, as to brand, on 6 mos credit. In Scotch Pig there is no change, and the sales are limited to small lots from store at $23@24 ꝑ ton. Manufactured Iron is steady, with a fair business doing in Bars and Rails at former quotations.

LEAD—The market for Pig is quiet, and we hear of no sales this week.

LUMBER—Trade opens slowly, and we are advised of sales of 250,000 feet White Pine at $13; Yellow Sap Boards sell at $13@14, and Hemlock Raft Lumber at $7 ꝑ M.

MOLASSES continues dull, with sales of 500 hhds Cuba to note at 18@21c, as in quality, on the usual credit.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling as yet, and we quote soft nominally at $3 ꝑ ton, with sales at that figure.

RICE—There is not much doing, and about 250 casks have been disposed of at 3⅞@4c ꝑ ℔, cash and time.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, and about 1500 bushels found buyers in small lots at $4,25@4,75 ꝑ bushel, the latter for prime. Of Timothy, about 500 bushels sold at $2,75@2,81¼ ꝑ bushel, chiefly at the latter rate, which is a decline. Flaxseed is coming in slowly, and domestic is wanted at $1,50 ꝑ bushel. Red top is quoted at $1,75@2 ꝑ sack.

SPIRITS—There is very little activity in foreign, and the sales of Brandy and Gin have been limited, but at very full prices. N. E. Rum moves off slowly at 30@32c. Whiskey is lower, with light receipts and sales to note, at 16@17c for Drudge, 17½c for hhds, 17½@18c for Penn'a bbls, and 18@18½c for Ohio, and Prison do.

SUGARS are steady, but the market is rather inactive, with sales of some 1700 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 4⅞@5½c, and 180 hhds New Orleans, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is unchanged; further sales of city rendered are making at 9½@9¾c, and country at 8⅝c.

TOBACCO is moving off in lots as wanted at steady rates. Among the sales are some Seed Leaf, on terms kept private. Spanish Tobacco is getting scarce.

WOOL—Transactions to the extent of 70,000 ℔s are reported, in lots, within the range of quotations; prices, however, are very irregular.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1730 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8½c ꝑ ℔. 40 Cows were sold at from $22 to 40 ꝑ head. 6000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 4½ to 5½c ꝑ ℔, gross weight. 900 Hogs brought from $7 to 8 ꝑ cwt, net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 6.—FLOUR firm; 14,500 bbls sold at $5,25@5,35 for State, $5,50@5,70 for Ohio, and $5,45@5,75 for Southern. Wheat advanced 1c; 25,000 bus sold at $1,29½ for Milwaukie Club, and $1,38 for red Western. Corn steady but quiet; sales of 18,000 bus at 66c for mixed, 62c for new. Pork steady. Lard unchanged. Whiskey firm at 18½c.

NEWS ITEMS.

DURING the six winter months, the Illinois Central Company has made about one thousand sales of land, amounting in the aggregate to one million of dollars. This shows the effect of extensive advertising.

MR. A. B. DICKINSON, of New York, the newly appointed Minister to Nicaragua, was an applicant for the office of "Marshal in Nebraska." His handwriting being rather indistinct, the Secretary of State thought he asked for the post of "Minister to Nicaragua," and being a friend, appointed him minister instead of marshal. So they say.

THE London pickpockets have trained dogs to such accurate operation, that they jump up at a gold watch, seize it, snap the chain, and bolt off where their master is waiting.

NOTHING surprises a visitor to Havana, Cuba, more than the fish which he sees exposed for sale. Instead of the dull and drab colors which are common to the fish in northern latitudes, they exhibit the most brilliant hues. Some are striped with bands of gold and silver, the lustre of which is like that of the polished metals. The very eels are covered with shining blue, white, and yellow streaked.

IT is rather curious that in the Louisiana election—the sugar districts generally went against secession, while the cotton districts went for it.

A BAD MINISTER.—A fellow calling himself a Baptist minister, appeared in a N. E. village last week. He so pleased the people, that they subscribed $400 to make him their clergyman. This the scamp took, got awful drunk, swore oaths in the streets, rode about town with a wild woman, borrowed $250, and decamped.

MESSRS. PETO & CO., and others of the most eminent building firms of London, have decided to pay their workmen by the hour, in order to take away the slightest cause for another strike on the hour question. The rate will be 7d. an hour, being an advance of 1s 2d. per week. The men, however, have since struck.

ON the night of the 23d February, Govenor Andrews, of Cape Coast, attended by the civil and military officials of the colony, placed a Latin cross, of white marble, with the letters L. E. L. on it, over the grave of Miss Landon, the poetess, which had become almost undistinguishable from neglect.

LADY CLANMORRIS, daughter of the first Lord Avonmore, writes to the Cornish Telegraph, to contradict the statement that Major Yelverton's great-grandfather kept a butcher's stand in the town of Newcastle, county of Limerick, and that his grandfather married his cook.

THE Kansas Legislature have elected Messrs. Lane and Pomeroy as U. S. Senators from that State. There has been plenty of rain recently in Kansas.

Two fugitive slaves were recently arrested in Chicago, Ill., taken to Springfield before the Commissioner, and the proof that they were fugitives being indisputable, they were delivered up.

THE Virginia Convention voted down the following resolution by yeas 45, nays 89:—"Resolved, That an ordinance of secession, resuming the powers delegated by Virginia, and providing for submitting the same to the qualified voters of the Commonwealth for adoption or rejection at the polls, at the spring elections to be held in May, should be adopted by this Convention."

LIEUT. BERRYMAN, commanding the Wyandotte off Pensacola, died recently of brain fever. He was a Virginian.

THE new tariff is already giving an impetus to manufactures in the vicinity of Philadelphia, while a large iron works in Delaware is working night and day.

ADVICES from Galveston state that Govenor Houston had sent a Message to the Legislature, protesting against the Convention, appealing to the Legislature to sustain him, and claiming still to be Governor. The Legislature took not the slightest notice of it.

REVACCINATION.—M. Heminckx has detailed to the Belgian Academy of Medicine the results of the revaccination put into force at the prisons of Ghent and Vilvorde, the subjects together amounting to one thousand six hundred and sixty. Of these, three hundred and seventy-nine, or sixteen per cent., were vaccinated with success; there were in seven hundred and sixteen, manifest traces of a prior vaccination, and four hundred and seventy-one exhibited marks of small pox. Of the seven hundred and sixteen per cent.; and of the four hundred and seventy-one, forty-six per cent., were vaccinated with success. The author's conclusions, from these and other cases, are as follows:—

First, the revaccination of subjects who have been well vaccinated, produce generally but very few useful effects; second, persons who have been the subjects of variola have much more cause to be revaccinated than those who have undergone proper vaccination; third, revaccination is successful in proportion to the length of time which has elapsed since the first vaccination or the attack of variola; fourth, until the age of twenty-five it is generally useless; fifth, from that age to thirty-five it gives rise to useful results in a certain number of individuals, but this number is so extremely small, that without proscribing it in such persons, it need not be warmly recommended to them; sixth, after thirty-five it becomes a sure preservative, and consequently necessary; seventh, its failure at one period furnishes no reason for not having recourse to it at other epochs, as there is no reason to suppose that the receptivity may not return between the one and the other operation.

RUMORED INVASION OF TEXAS.—Colonel Ford, of the Texan army, has received reliable information from Matamoras to the effect that General Ampudia, with three thousand Mexicans, is marching upon Brownsville, and was then only sixty miles off.

General Ampudia had announced his progress by despatching expresses to distribute placards and handbills, announcing that "Texas rightfully belonged to Mexico. She has declared that she will no longer support the Federal Government, and now is the time to retake her. Reinforcements, in large numbers, were rapidly coming to him.

Col. Ford had ordered all the heavy guns, ordnance, and stores at Brazos Island, to be immediately removed to the scene of the anticipated difficulties.

The steamer Coatzacoalcos had sailed from Brazos with 600 United States troops.

FRANCIS II. OF NAPLES AND HIS QUEEN IN GAETA.—The Queen inhabited three low and damp rooms in the casemates, arrived at by a narrow staircase terminated by a kind of ante-chamber, in which it was necessary to keep a lamp burning all day. Adjoining was another room, rather larger, in which no furniture was to be seen but a writing-table, two beds, and some arm chairs. This was the residence of a sovereign who, only a short time ago, possessed the most splendid palaces in the world. The Queen visited the hospitals at least once a day, and went from bed to bed, taking memoranda of the requests of the wounded and dying—assisting the surgeons in applying bandages; and if, perchance, a shell burst near, she took not the slightest notice of it.

☞ Our wants expand with our means of gratifying them, but seldom contract with those means.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d of April, 1861, by the Rev. John Cole, of Virginia, JOHN ANDREWS HARRIS, to ANNIE C. WRIGHT, of Philadelphia.

On the 28th of March, at Allerton Cottage, by the Rev. N. S. Aller, Mr. CHARLES A. BATES, to Miss MARY C. SHOOL, of Hatfield, Montgomery county.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. EDWIN R. UEBERROTH, of Friedensville, Lehigh county, to Miss ANNA M. MORITZ, of Doylestown, Pa.

March 31st, by the Rev. Jas. Sedden, of Frankford, Mr. ABRAHAM WHITEHEAD, to Miss JANE BUCKLEY, both of Edenfield, Upper Darby, Pa.

On Sunday, March 24th, 1861, by the Rev. A. Culver, of Manayunk, Mr. WILLIAM H. NIXON, to Miss CLARA R. PEARSON, of Roxborough.

On the evening of the 28th ultimo, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. T. Murphy, Mr. J. POINSETT CASTOR, to Miss JULIA L. daughter of Thos. T. Webster, Esq. both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, JOHN L. McCLAY, to CATHARINE A. ALLBURGER, daughter of Adam Allburger, Esq.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, JANE HANNAH, infant daughter of Hugh and Martha Whiteley, aged 3 days.

On Wednesday, W. ASHMEAD, infant son of W. W. and Harriet Knight, in his 3d year.

On fourth-day, 3d instant, MARGARET A. wife of Wm. W. Longstreth.

On the 4th instant, RICHARD WILKINS, aged 63.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL C. BETTS, in his 85th year.

On the morning of April 1st, 1861, F. AUGUSTA, wife of Fred. Dreer, in her 82d year.

On the 24th ultimo, MARY CORNELL, in her 85th year.

On the 30th of March, Mr. JOHN MECASKEY, late of Pittsburg, Pa. in his 70th year.

At Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on the 20th of Feb. JAMES DEVEREUX, Jr. in his 25th year.

On the 1st instant, ROSA MEYERS, aged 19 years.

On the 30th ultimo, in Lowell, Mass., HENRY NAULTY, eldest son of Thomas and Mary Naulty, aged 26 years.

Suddenly, in Wilmington, Del. on Sunday, 31st ultimo, ELIZA A. OTTO.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, aged 65 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JOHN PURCIL, aged 65 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ELLEN REESE, wife of John E. Reese, aged 29 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. ROBERT RUSSELL, aged 67 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, '67	100	—
" " '68	100	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	97½	—
" " new	98	—
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	—	65
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	65	—
" County	40	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	—	102½
" 5 "	86	89
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	95
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	96½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State pr ct	92	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch' Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	69	—
imp. 6 pr ct	75	80
stock	8	—
preferred	16½	—
Lehigh Nav stock	52	52½
mort 6 pr ct	101	101½
scrip	35½	35½
Morris Consol'd	54	—
preferred	111	112
Ches & Del	36	—
bonds	—	—
Union	—	—
bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater	20	—
bonds, 1878	37	—

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	99½	99¾
2nd "	91	—
stock	41	41½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	90	—
stock	116	116½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	85	—
mort 6's '44	91	—
" '84	74½	75
stock	23¼	23½
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	37½	—
6 pr ct loan '80	—	94
Elmira		
7's 1st mort	68	—
2nd "	23	24
stock	12½	—
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	61
preferred 10 pr ct	59	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	—
6 pr ct loan	66	67
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	49	50
6 pr ct loan	98	—
Erie R R stock	—	72
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	77½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, April 6, 1861.

Alabama	7 dis.	Missouri	6 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to ½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	6 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	7 dis.	North Carolina	6 dis.
Indiana	1 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	7 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	2½ dis.	South Carolina	6 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	6 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	5½ dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	6 dis.
Mississippi	—		

A PACKAGE OF 25 CHOICE AND rare varieties of FLOWER SEEDS will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any one sending us one dollar.
ROGERS & GEST,
No. 133 Market St., Philada.

1,000 BARRELS POUDRETTE, for sale by Rogers & Gest.
100,000 Peach Trees, for sale by Rogers & Gest.
Asparagus Roots, and Strawberry and Raspberry Plants, for sale by ROGERS & GEST,
No. 133 Market St., Philada.

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a foetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau street, New York City.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap 13-tf

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS,
aug13-tf Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

Certificate of Twenty-Eight Years' Use.

NEWCASTLE, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N. Y., August 11, 1860.

DR. B. BRANDRETH:—

My Dear Sir—I am now seventy-nine years old, and for the last twenty-eight years have been a constant user of your Vegetable Universal Pills when sick, fully realizing the advantage of enforcing purgation with a medicine, which, while harmless in its nature, removes all impurities. I can safely say that the vigorous old age I now enjoy has been caused mainly by the timely use of Brandreth's Pills. I have had in these last twenty-eight years several fits of sickness, and occasionally some infirmity of age would press upon me. At these times I have always found your Pills a sure remedy, giving me not only health but strength. I consider them, not only invaluable as a purgative, but also as a tonic. I have never during these last twenty-eight years used any other medicine whatever, being convinced, by experience, that none was as good. Brandreth's Pills have also been freely used by my neighbors in every kind of sickness, and have been never known to fail when promptly administered.

Yours truly, NATHANIEL HYATT,
Justice of the Peace for forty years in Westchester Co., N. Y.

These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at 294 Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. ap13-2t

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?
It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.
In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

"WOMEN OF NEW YORK."

A very curious new book by a Lady, revealing the Portraits and Characters of Thirty-six Women as she finds them in the City, with an interesting and spicy description of their peculiarities, and how they manage to live. Most singular, interesting and saleable work ever printed. Price One Dollar—mailed free. Country Agents Wanted everywhere. For particulars of Book or Agency, send a U. S. red Stamp to
HANKINS & Co.,
132 Nassau Street, New York.

MEDICAL PRACTICE FOR DISPOSAL: Illinois, annual returns $1,200; may easily be doubled, and an independency acquired in a few years by a man of energy. Comfortable dwelling, furniture, barn stable, orchard, well stocked garden, horses, equipages, farm stock; 15 acres highly cultivated land and town lots. Price $2,000. For particulars, address
DR. ASHBY, Winslow, Stephenson Co., Ill.

WHAT A FIGURE! HA! HA! HA!—This is the greeting often received from their friends, by those becoming prematurely gray or bald. To avoid anything so unpleasant, you have only to use LYON'S KATHAIRON, the most excellent and popular preparation for the Hair ever made. Sold everywhere. mar23-4t

CEPHALIC PILLS
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men*, *Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous system* or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, and *the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the
PRICE, 25 CENTS.
All orders should be addressed to
HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., January 18, 1861.
H C. SPALDING,
SIR:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.
P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, Mass., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. SPALDING, Esq.
I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her.
Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.
DEAR SIR:
Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.
Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.
Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,
☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜
is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

Homes for the Industrious!
IN THE
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE
1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,
In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS & WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses; the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,105,398 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty-nine counties, through which it passes, was only 335,598 since which 479,293 have been added; making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

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Wit and Humor.

'TIS ALL ONE TO ME.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,
Whether I've money or whether I've none.

He who has money can buy him a wife,
And he who has none can be free for life.

He who has money can trade if he choose,
And he who has none has nothing to lose.

He who has money has cares not a few,
And he who has none can sleep the night through.

He who has money can squint at the fair,
And he who has none escapes from much care.

He who has money can go to the play,
And he who has none at home can stay.

He who has money can travel about,
And he who has none can do without.

He who has money can be coarse as he will,
And he who has none can be coarser still.

He who has money can eat oyster meat,
And he who has none the shell can eat.

He who has money can drink foreign wine,
And he who has none with the gout will not pine.

He who has money the cash must pay,
And he who has none says, "Charge it, pray."

He who has money keeps a dog if he please,
And he who has none is not troubled with fleas.

He who has money must die some day,
And he who has none must go the same way.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,
Whether I've money or whether I've none.

LODGING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Knowing that you wish to keep posted on all matters of vital importance, I transmit you the following rich experience in the life of one of our so called "sample men:"—

Arriving late one night, during the last summer, at the goodly city of Alabama, tired and exhausted, he hastened to his hotel, and, as a particular favor, he requested good comfortable and convenient quarters, which he was told he should have. The polite clerk, after attending to the wants of the numerous guests, started our friend, with an attendant, in search of his room, which proved to be up many flights of stairs, through long and winding passageways going from one wing to another, and from right to left, till our hero arrived at No. 107. He occupied but little time over his evening devotions. He retired at once, but not to sleep. Not for him was "Tired Nature's restorer, balmy sleep."

The truth must be told, startling as it is—the bugs were too numerous, too strong and voracious to permit him to rest in peace. So, resuming his garments, he made for the office, in no very amiable frame of mind, and addressing the clerk, the following conversation ensued:—

Stranger—Say! have you a good strong porter about the house?

Clerk (eagerly)—Yes, we have the strongest one in the State.

Stranger—Is he intelligent?

Clerk—Oh, yes—quite intelligent for a porter, we think.

Stranger—One point more. Do you consider him fearless—that is, bold, courageous?

Clerk—As for that matter, I know he is; he would not be afraid of the d—l himself.

Stranger—Now, Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find 107, fearless enough to enter, and is strong enough to get my trunk away from the bed-bugs, I would like to have him bring it down.

TEACHING A FOP.

It does now and then happen that scoffers, who seek amusement by poking sly fun at the members of the Institute of France, come off second best in the encounter. An instance of this fact occurred the other evening at a social reunion in the aristocratic faubourg, at which a mixed company was present, and among the rest a well-known savant. Thinking to expose the old gentleman to ridicule, without in the least compromising himself, an impudent young coxcomb approached the academician, with an air of pretended respect, and, in the hearing of several ladies and gentlemen, to propound a grammatical query.

"Oh, certainly," said the old gentleman, good-humoredly, "I will do my best to satisfy your curiosity."

"Then, sir," returned the fop, "would you please to tell me which of these two expressions is the more elegant, '*Give* me some water,' or, '*Bring* me some water?'"

"Why," returned the academician, with an imperceptible twinkle in the eye, "I should say that, in your case, a more appropriate phrase than either would be, '*Lead* me to water!'"

The questioner's curiosity was satisfied.

Demise of a Mummy.—An honest countryman, anxious to explore the wonders of the British Museum, obtained a special holiday a short time since. Accordingly, taking with him a couple of his friends, he presented himself at the door for admittance. "No admission to-day," said the keeper. "No admission to-day? But I must come in, I've an holiday on purpose." "No matter, this is a close day, and the museum is shut." "What," said John, "ain't this public property?" "Yes, but one of the mummies died a few days ago, and we're going to bury him." "Oh, in that case we won't intrude," said John, and so he retired.

Social Dignity.—Horne Tooke, at Westminster, passed off the honest poulterer, his sire, as a "Turkey merchant," and the sort of spirit that prevails in little societies where young ladies are in supposed social disparity, is well illustrated in the pungent colloquy between the rich brewer's daughter and the daughter of the officer who lived off his pay: "My papa," remarked the first young lady, "keeps a carriage." "And mine," rejoined the other, "does not keep a dray."

A Common Want.—Close by one of our thriving villages, not a thousand miles from here, is a little colony of Canadians (French.) They are a very simple, honest race, and generally very poor. They are not extremely industrious, and consequently not in the most comfortable or thrifty condition; but one and all have a great ambition to own a horse. An old horse and some kind of a cart does more for one of these fellows than a small kingdom would do for many men. A short time ago one of them succeeded in becoming the owner of an old horse. Hitching him up to an old cart, Jo (we call them all Jo for short) started for the village, and meeting one of the principal citizens hailed him, saying, as he pointed to his "team," "Mr. Noyes, I want you to give me some work." "Well, Jo, what kind of work do you want?" "Oh," says Jo, "I don't care. I want it to be a good deal horse, and not much Jo!"

Alas! he is not the only one among us who prays that his task may be a good deal horse and not much Jo.

Conscientious Scruples.—During the trial of Fortman, at Covington, Kentucky, one of the jurymen returned, was asked by the prosecution if he had any "conscientious scruples about inflicting the death penalty?"

"Scruples?"

"Yes, sir, conscientious scruples."

The juryman scratched his head and thought deeply for a moment.

"Yes, sir, I have them scru—scru—"

"Scruples," suggested the attorney.

"Yes, sir, I have conscientious scruples."

"Will you explain the nature of your scruples to the Court?" said the lawyer.

"My scruples," said the juryman, facing his honor, "is that the Dutchman ought to be hung, and I'm in for it?"

He was ordered to stand aside for cause.

Appropriate Epitaph.—An old fellow, a coarse, ill-grained German, died one day. He was a disagreeable man and a bad neighbor; even the children feared and disliked him. One of his neighbors asked him just before his death, if he was ready to go, to which he answered "Yes." "Well," was the rejoinder, "if you are willing to die yourself, all your neighbors are willing you should." At the graven, even, there was no one to say a good word for him, except one good-hearted old German, who remarked, as he turned away to go home: "*Vell he was a goot shmoker!* This was the "shmoker's" only epitaph.

AUSTRALIAN WINTERS.

The Divine Providence has proved that one sun shall do duty for two sides of the world. When all is dull and cold as ditch-ice in these northern latitudes—when our wolds are ribbed with snow, and the shear-edged wind moans, like some homeless wanderer, up and down the "stony-hearted" streets—when the window-panes of our warmest rooms are skimmered over with faintly floretted frost-fancies—when the very stars shine with an icy glitter, and when, if the sun is seen at all, it is as a red ball of fire smouldering out upon the extreme horizon, above which it has striven all day, and striven in vain, to climb; then it is that summer sits in the south in all her splendor; and (the fact must carry the anti-climax) iced punch and cold chickens, white blouses and muslin dresses, become the order of the day.

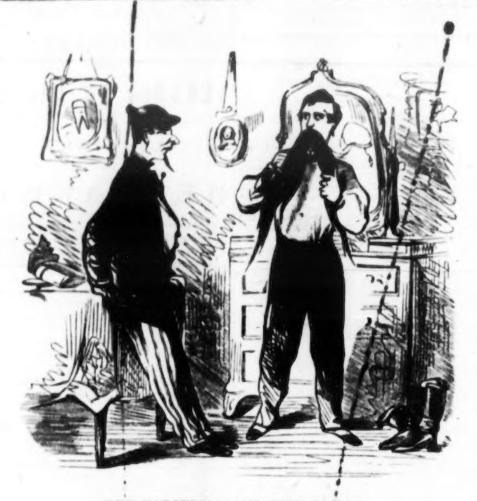
And of the night to speak frankly. Lovely beyond the Northmen's conception is an Australian winter evening, and determined beyond a Northman's conception is the Australian's desire to make the best and the most of his climate. We are a grave people, and take our pleasures sadly, as the old chronicler told us many centuries ago; "on the other side," the Australian seizes every opportunity to make holiday and hold carnival. There seems to be a dash of his own ardent climate in his blood, for he is as merry as (the figure is, at all events, better than it *sounds*) his native laughing jackass—a blithesome bird, which will sit, all through the night, on the lone stump of a tree, in some unbroken, solitary waste, cachinating, in the most absurd manner, to himself, and wagging his head in approval of his own jollity.

Winter being so charming, and the Australian being thus cheerful, it is in the months of December, January, and February the local passion for picnic is at its height. Within easy reach of all the Australian capitals, there are some bewitching spots for out-door revels. Sydney is, perhaps, best off in this respect, as the blue Pacific comes creeping lovingly up, right to the feet of the city, and kisses the golden fringe of her kirtle. Verdant islets, all a-blaze with tropical flames, rise here and there in Port Jackson, like long-submerged volcanoes just lifting their fiery tops above the waters. It is to these spots—sweet, silent, and slumberous as the homes of the lotus-eater—that in the torrid winter months the Australian betakes himself for pleasure. There, with his comrades, he unpacks his hamper, seats himself amidst his bevy of lasses on the thick, intricate, pale-green sward, and eats Bologna sausage, and drinks native claret to the faint susurrus of the ocean. If a snake makes his appearance among the party, there is a momentary flutter of muslin, punctuated with "little cries and shrieks," but the reptile was soon scotched, and the adventure only gives a zest to the excitement of the day.

All classes join in these winter revels. When the glass marks 98 deg. in the shade, as it frequently does mark in Sydney, and still more frequently in Melbourne, it is pleasant to get away from the sultry towns, and catch the cool sea-breeze on your cheek. There is an old, ruined vineyard out there, by Rushcutters' Bay, in Sydney, which is a favorite spot for winter picnics. The "Dripping Rocks" are hard by, and over these a light cascade of water drops with *eerie* plash upon the fern-pebble bed beneath, and then runs away to lose itself in the Pacific, which rolls, in its full magnificence, right up to the one open side of the horse-shoe-shaped vineyard. Australian vineyards, it should be here added, are often mere amphitheatres of steps, down which the low and heavily-loaded vines trail their green and purple carpet. To this old, deserted grape-ground near Rushcutters' Bay, picknickers resort by scores in the winter months. The wild flowers are more abundant here, perhaps, than in any other part of Australia. They lie, in their intense crimson shades, in all directions, as though a deer, shot by some hungry body of pleasure-makers, had moved, blinded and bleeding, about the ground.

It is in the winter time, in Australia, that all the fruits are in. Peaches are now to be had by our friends in the colonies at twopence or threepence a dozen. Some of them are not very good, but the "clipstones" are like balls of Hymettus honey. They have the brownish-red bloom of a Southern girl's cheek—the melting sweetness of a southern girl's lips. Melons now, too, are almost as plentiful as stones. Open one, pour sugar and hock into its crimsoned heart, and say that there are worse things than melons (maugre they are to be purchased for a penny a piece) on the other side of the Pacific. Apricots are proportionately as cheap. They are very delicately flavored, are of the lightest golden tint, and a little larger than we get them in this country. A small plate of this fruit, with a half-bottle of claret, and a few arrowroot biscuits, will make a good and healthy breakfast for the resident in Australia. Pomegranates are equally abundant and low in price. They grow to a large size in the tropics, and the red, coral-like fruit, breaks through the rinds like a ruddy mouth, tempting you "to taste."

But these are but the minor charms of an Australian winter. The clear, healthy atmosphere, the deep blue sky, perplexed at night with its myriads of stars: the large white moon, that consecrates the landscape, marking a path of glory on the Pacific, as though He had walked again upon the sea, and left the glory of His footsteps on the waters—these are the real delights of an Australian winter, delights for which the pent up, bronchitis-smitten Londoner may deeply sigh, but can never thoroughly conceive.—*Australian Mail.*



THE POLITICAL AND THE SOCIAL.

Union Man.—"What's the new dodge of forking your beard, Jack?—not a symbol of disunion, I hope—eh?"

Lady's Man.—"Ah! no, I never go in for politics. Fact is, two charming girls have fallen in love with my beard, and I'm obliged to divide the caressed object between them."—*Vanity Fair.*

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

There is a famous prescription in use in England, says the Springfield Republican, for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The receipe came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, father of the Rev. Newman Hall, and Captain Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost all desire for liquors, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: "Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm; twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially, supplies the place of the customary liquor, and prevents that absolute physicial and moral prostration that follow a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. In cases where the appetite for liquors is too strong, the medicine supplies the place of the accustomed drams entirely, but Mr. Hall continued the use of liquors at first with the medicine, diminishing the amount gradually until he was able to throw away his bottle and glass altogether, after which he continued to take the medicine a month or two, till he felt that he was wholly restored to self-control, and could rejoice in a sound mind in a sound body.

☞ **Great Talkers.**—A writer has very happily observed, that "he that talks all he knows, will talk more than he knows. Great talkers discharge too thick to take always true aim."

Supply of Water.—Dr. Grimaud, who has devoted himself to the study of the question of water-supply to towns and cities, and who has shown the importance of collecting and storing the rain-fall in isolated places, sums up his researches in urging obedience to the two following rules: 1. That in cities, well-water should be avoided, and wells suppressed, as they inevitably receive infiltrations from the surrounding soil, usually charged with foul and noxious matters—the parish pump, for instance, is generally adjoining the churchyard. 2. That areas and yards, instead of being paved, should be covered with asphalte, which effectually prevents the absorption of noxious matters, and prevents the evaporation of fœtid vapors.—Cisterns should be constructed of iron or slate—lead and wood strictly avoided; they should also be under cover, either in the cellar, kitchen or outhouse, sheltered from heat, cold and vermin.

Agricultural.

ABOUT YOUR LAWN.

Do you say that you have none? Then you *are* to be pitied. And yet you have land enough; here is an acre or more in front and around your house, which would make a noble scene. If you had only a quarter of an acre, as is the case with many persons, you might get along.

Not everybody appreciates the value of a good lawn. In our view, no feature of a country residence is so important as this. One may have a fine house, showy fences, thrifty trees, arbors, and flower-beds, but they do not make a place complete, if it lacks a lawn. Flower borders require constant care, arbors rot down, and fences get out of order, but a lawn, once well made, demands only a little labor to manage it, and then it lasts almost for ever. And it is no trifling consideration, that its beauty lasts all through the season. In Spring, the grass starts up at the first song of the robin; in Summer, if the ground be fertile, it is nearly as fresh as in Spring; the fragrance of its frequent mowings is more delicious than the "extracts" of Parisian apothecaries; the sight of children at play upon it, or of tree shadows stretching across it at morning and evening, is a study which painters love; it heeds not the winds which despoil trees and flowers of their beauty; and in Autumn, amid falling leaves and prevailing gloom, it retains its cheerful verdure until hidden by Winter snows.

One reason why many lawns wear out, is that they are not properly taken care of and fed. The law rules here, as in all agricultural operations, that an equivalent must be returned to the land for that which is taken from it. Now, if a piece of lawn is mowed once a fortnight and the grass raked up and carried off, the land must, of course, be the loser, and should be recompensed accordingly. A common plan is to spread a thin coat of old, well rotted manure over the grass, in the fall or spring, raking off the coarser parts. Some persons use wood ashes, interchangeably with the manure. It is an objection to barn manure, that it often introduces troublesome weeds. Ashes, plaster, poudrette, or ground bones are without such an objection.

We notice that Mr. Sargent, of Fishkill Landing, thinks it unnecessary to enrich lawns after they are once made, if persons will only use lawn mowing machines. And he thinks "the time is not far distant when the scythe will pass away and be no more seen, at least for ornamental purposes." His reason is this: The lawn mower, (which, by the way, he would use once a week,) according to his management does not gather up the grass, but spreads it evenly on the turf. Mowed so often, the grass never gets more than an inch high, and when cut and spread, it is hardly visible; in a few hours it wholly disappears. Being left on the ground, it thus answers two good purposes, viz.: as a mulch for the roots in summer, and as an enricher of the same in winter. No manure can be so suitable as this.

Mr. S. had noticed that when his machine was allowed, as originally made, to gather up the grass into a box as fast as it was cut, the turf became very smooth, but was not soft to the tread, not as soft as when cut with a common scythe. By allowing the fine, short grass to lie on the ground and sink down around the roots, he finds that his lawn becomes as soft to the foot as a Turkey carpet.

This experiment is interesting. Perhaps a method is here hit upon by which we are going to overcome the difficulty in the way of lawn making arising from "our abominably bad climate." Our bright and hot summers, much as we complain of them, are, possibly, going to help us make as good "velvet lawns" as our English cousins enjoy. Of course, it will be necessary to mow them as often as once a week, else the grass will become too long to leave upon the lawn without becoming unsightly, as well as hurtful, in a measure, to the roots beneath.

Now, this is very well for those who have large lawns, and the means to purchase machines; but for those—and we cannot forget they are the majority—who have moderate-sized grounds and moderate incomes, we presume the old-fashioned method of using scythes will still prevail. And if the grass be cut and constantly carried off, of course the land must be fed with some suitable equivalent. Such lawns must be enriched, indeed, but not with manures in such quantity or quality as to induce a rank growth of grass, or to bring in weeds. For these purposes, we are disposed to rely very much on ground bones and wood ashes, using them alternately. Very old barn manure, composted with muck, may be used occasionally. Whenever noxious weeds—such as daisies, dock, thistles, and plantain—creep in, they must be dug up by the hand at once.

We will just add, that no lawn can be kept in good condition without frequent use of the roller. This serves, in the spring, to level down the inequalities of the surface produced by the heaving of the frost; and it presses back into the ground the roots of clover and grass which are thrown out in the winter. Its use at all times tends to give the grasses a short and compact habit of growth, similar to what we see by the roadside where the turf is continually trodden by the feet of cattle and sheep. It is this, as much as anything else, that makes a lawn differ from a mown hay-field. Let this be carefully noted.—*American Agricultrist.*

"Bird's Claw" as Food for Cattle.—The discovery of the valuable qualities of the hitherto-despised little plant, *Ornithopus perpusillus*, vulgarly called bird's claw, has caused a report upon its properties to be sent into the French Academie. Although the plant has been for a long time cultivated in Portugal, where the sight of its successful appropriation to the feeding of cattle had induced Sprengel to insist upon a trial of its cultivation in the botanical garden of Versailles, it has never, until this moment, been considered worthy the attention of agriculturists. Gasparin himself has declared, in his agricultural lectures, that the plant was only on trial in France, and that its value could not be ascertained. The great farm of Grand Jouan has at length given the example, by devoting a portion of the land to the cultivation of the bird's claw. Eight hectares of the plant have yielded a first crop of 20,000 kilos., a hectare of green fodder, and a second of 1,000 kilos., with an additional 580 kilos. of seed, and 500 kilos. of residue, much relished by sheep. The bird's claw thrives best in damp soil; but, above all, in land abounding in potash. Sprengel's indication of the presence of wild sorrel, as a sign of the fitness of the soil for its cultivation, is worthy of notice. The successful result of the experiment at Grand Jouan is the great agricultural sensation of the season.—*English Paper.*

Useful Receipts.

To Take Stains Out of Silver.—Steep the silver in soap ley for the space of four hours; then cover it over with whiting, wet with vinegar, so that it may lie thick upon it, and dry it by a fire; after which rub off the whiting and pass it over with dry bran, and the spots will not only disappear, but the silver will look exceedingly bright.

For the Complexion.—Pour ten or fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin in a wine-glass of water. It will form a milky *emulsion*, which is perfectly harmless, and at the same time the best cosmetic known.

Sweet Potato Coffee.—A very good substitute for coffee can be made from sweet potatoes. Wash and scrape good sound tubers; cut them into pieces half an inch long; dry them in the stove; roast them as you would coffee, until of a light brown color.—Make "coffee" from them in the usual manner, except that the pieces are not to be ground.

To Clean Old Oil Paintings.—The blackened lights of old pictures may be instantly restored to their original hue by touching them with deutoxyde of hydrogen diluted with six or eight times its weight of water. The part must be afterwards washed with a clean sponge and water.

Sarsaparilla.—Take of sarsaparilla root, sliced, four ounces; boiling water, four pints. Macerate for four hours in a vessel lightly covered, and placed near the fire; then take out the sarsaparilla, and bruise it. Return it again to the liquor, and macerate in a similar manner for four hours more, first adding of raspings of guaiacum wood, bark of sassafras root, liquorice root, bruised, of each one ounce; bark of mezereon root three drachms. Finally strain. It is commonly given in conjunction with some mild mercurial pill. The dose is a quarter of a pint, repeated three or four times a day, or half a pint twice a day.

Tinning Iron Articles.—Heat the iron to be tinned moderately, then file it smooth; rub sal-ammoniac and olive oil upon it; then, with an iron already tinned (being very hot) insert a piece of tin, and rub the tin pieces together; whenever the sal-ammoniac and oil have touched, the part will be covered with tin.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 16, 7, 25, 12, 35, 5, was the muse of Astronomy.
My 13, 17, 31, 1, was the son of Tros and Callirrhoe.
My 27, 29, 37, 22, 14, was a King of Thebes.
My 11, 24, 8, 20, 17, 2, 4, 33, was a title of Mars.
My 18, 36, 28, 9, was a Sicilian shepherd.
My 30, 6, 7, 23, 25, 17, 35, 20, were festivals in honor of Ceres.
My 19, 22, 32, 4, 15, was the god of wit.
My 10, 29, 8, 5, 21, was the last King of Troy.
My 26, 22, 7, 33, was the goddess of death.
My 3, 16, 2, 37, 9, was a goddess of grown persons.
My 34, 5, 29, 28, 15, occasioned the Trojan war.

My whole is the Latin motto of one of the United States.

St. Clair Co., Ill. C. C. STUNTZ.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 15, 4, 16, 12, 9, 2, 18, was one of the Gorgons.
My 17, 2, 6, 9, was the mother of Romulus and Remus.
My 14, 3, 16, 18, 4, 19, was a King of Thrace.
My 11, 1, 14, 8, 5, was a daughter of Oceanus, and wife of Jupiter.
My 7, 13, 13, 9, was a mountain of Thrace.
My 10, 3, 16, 15, 4, 13, was the father of the Sea Nymphs.
My 11, 9, 16, 5, 12, 9, 13, was a satyr, who attempted to rival the music of Apollo; for which presumption he was flayed alive by the offended god.
My 15, 16, 8, 19, was the goddess of Discord.

My whole were secret religious performances of the Greeks in the temple of Ceres.

Conneaut, Ohio. J. R. G.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I lingered long beneath the ground,
Till man explored and sought me;
I'm thought of little worth when found,
But you perhaps have bought me.

My maker took me with much care,
In fashion's banners listed,
My maker sold me for his gains,
The ladies I assisted.

Now for my use: pray look around,
I'm named among the common,
In every rank of life I'm found,
A perfect slave to woman.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Italy.
A county in Kentucky.
A range of mountains in Asia.
A town in Africa.
A lake in Africa.
A county in California.

My whole is a lake in the old world, my initials form the lake, my finals the place of situation. S. S. LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is what some women do.
My second is an affix.
My third is a weight.
My whole was an illustrious General.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wishing to ascertain the height of a tower on the opposite side of a river, and 55 yards from its brink, I took a station 10 yards from the water on this side, and found the elevation of the top to be 30 deg. 45 min.; I then measured 300 yards farther, in a straight line with the first station, and the tower, and found the elevation of the top to be 16 deg. 56 min. What was the height of the tower, and the width of the river?

W. GEORGE.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain number, consisting of two digits. The left hand digit is equal to three times the right hand digit; and if the square of the left hand digit be subtracted from the number itself, the digits will be inverted. What is the number?

Glencoe, Ga. J. W. HATCHER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Ans.—Because they can't go off without a beau, and are in a quiver till they get one.

☞ How many hens has your mother when it comes night? Ans.—None. They are all roosters.

☞ Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Ans.—Because it makes men mean.

☞ Why is the Maid of the Mist like pride? Ans.—Because it goeth before a fall.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. DOUBLE REBUS.—Passamaquoddy B., in United States. (Petchili, Aberdeen, Siskiyon, Saghalion, Altai, Muscat, Abbeville, Quadruped, United States, Outwit, Delta, Dewitt, Yenikale, Burgas.)—TRANSPOSITIONS.—San Pedro, Marietta, Houston, Monroe, Edenton, Des Moines, Bangor, Danville, Eaton, Oxford. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—The company now consists of 120 men, and there are 720 wanted to divide also by seven. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—16 and 8.

Getting Rich Slowly.—If men were content to grow rich somewhat more slowly, they would grow rich much more surely. If they would use their capital within reasonable limits, and transact with it only so much business as it could fairly control, they would be far less liable to lose it. Excessive profits always involve the liability of great risks—as in a lottery, in which there are high prizes, there must be a great proportion of blanks.

☞ One never regrets doing a polite or a kind thing, no matter how it is received.